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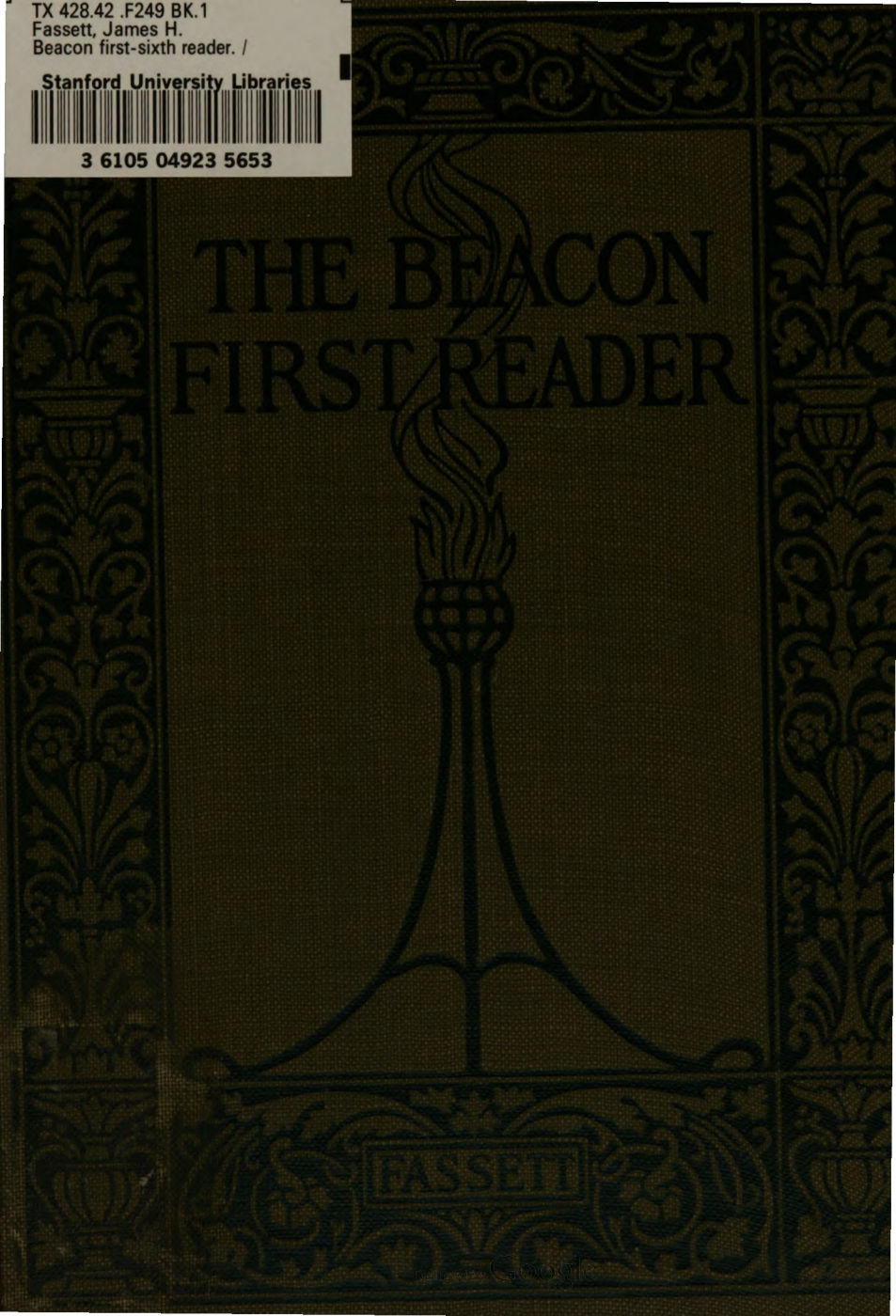
THE BEACON FIRST READER



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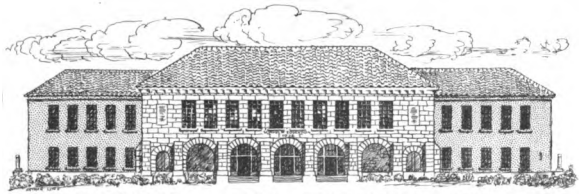

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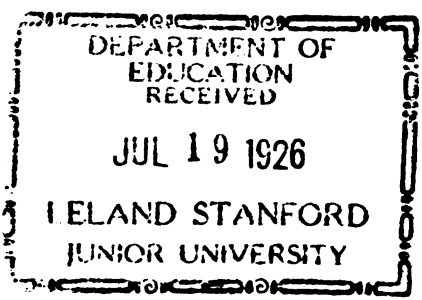
THE

BEACON FIRST READER

BY

JAMES H. FASSETT



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PREFACE

The "Beacon First Reader" differs from other first readers in that all the material has been carefully arranged with reference to its phonetic difficulties. So far as possible, unphonetic words have been excluded from the stories in the first part of the book. As the work progresses, however, more and more unphonetic words are introduced, but so gradually has this been done that at no time does the child meet with the discouragement of insurmountable difficulties.

In selecting material the plan has been to present only stories that have stood the test of time — stories which the child delights to hear repeated again and again. Since our language is so richly endowed with these masterpieces, it seems absurd to give to children made-up stories which are in no sense comparable, as examples of literature, to the old folklore.

The interest with which the child reads the classic tales he loves proves a most effective stimulus to his reading power. He does not need to be urged to master them, sentence by sentence, but seizes upon them with avidity.

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The power which this element of interest lends cannot be emphasized too strongly.

The stories of Part One are designed to supplement the stories of Part Two of the Primer, and should be read during the latter half of the first year. Part Two of the First Reader may well be left for the beginning of the second-grade work.

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PHONETIC TABLES 131

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DIRECTIONS TO TEACHERS

Teachers will find that, even in the First Reader, drill upon the phonetic tables is still their most important work. These tables, which begin on page 131, will be found to differ somewhat in arrangement from those of the Primer, but the principles involved are identical.

The amount of time which can be spent profitably upon the tables will vary according to the ability of the several classes. If the division is made up of pupils whose minds work slowly, fully one half the reading time should be devoted to the tables for quick recognition of words. On the other hand, for divisions composed of keen, alert children, three or four exercises a week will be sufficient.

In all phonetic work the important point for the teacher to remember is that the children should not be allowed to hesitate and drawl out the words. The work should be snappy and sharp, and if she cannot get this quick response from her pupils, it indicates clearly that she needs to review the easier words of the earlier tables, in which the pupils *can* respond to her request for rapid work.

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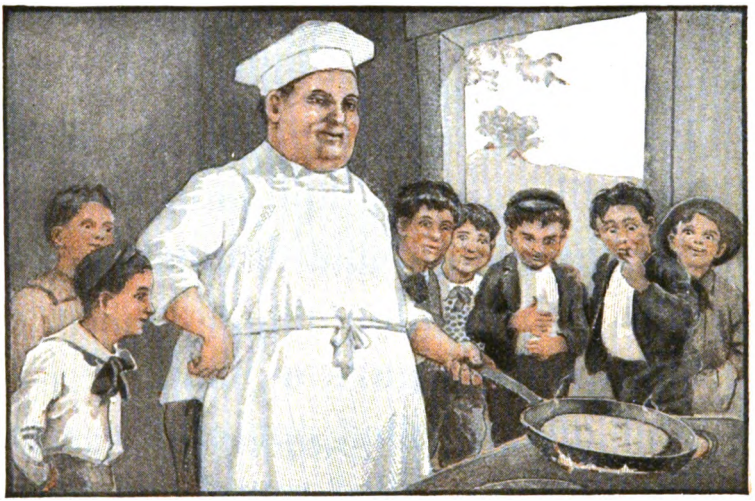
PART I



THE PANCAKE

good	after	cook
rolled	every	began

A big fat cook made a big fat pancake.

Near the cook were seven hungry little boys.

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"We like big round pancakes, Mr. Cook," said all the little boys.

"This pancake will be good to eat," said Mr. Cook.

But the pancake in the pan said:

"I will not, not, not be eaten."

So the big round pancake gave a hop.

The pancake gave a jump.

And off he rolled out of the pan.

Mr. Pancake rolled round and round and round.

And oh! so very, very fast.

"Stop! stop! Mr. Pancake!" said the cook.

But the pancake rolled faster and faster.

Then the big fat cook began to run after the pancake.

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"Stop! stop!" said all the little boys.

But the pancake rolled faster and faster.

Then all the little boys began to run.

The pancake met a little man.

"Stop, Pancake, stop! I am hungry!

I wish to eat you," said the little man.

"The cook can not stop me.

The boys can not stop me.

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You can not stop me."

And the pancake rolled faster and faster.

Then the little man began to run.

The pancake met a hen.

"Stop! Pancake! Stop! I am very hungry!

I wish to eat you," said the hen.

"The cook can not stop me.

The boys can not stop me.

The man can not stop me.

You can not stop me."

And the pancake rolled faster than ever.

Then the hen began to run.

The pancake met a duck.

"Stop! Pancake! Stop! I am very, very hungry!

I wish to eat you," said the duck.

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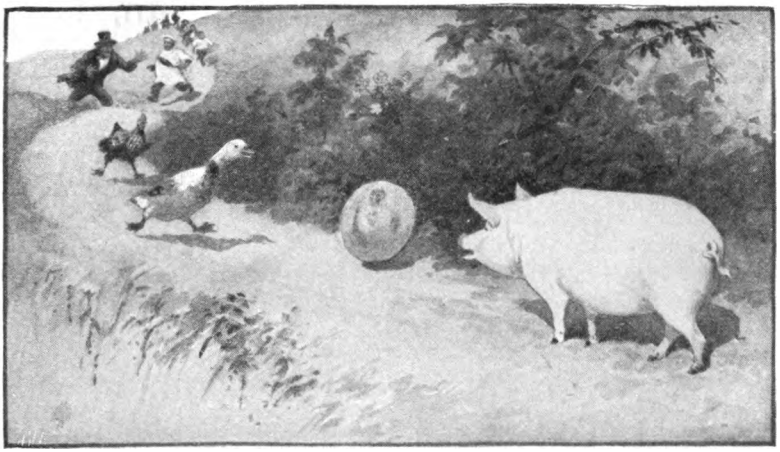

"The cook can not stop me.
The boys can not stop me.
The man can not stop me.
The hen can not stop me.
You can not stop me."

And the pancake rolled faster and faster.

The pancake met a pig.

"Why do you run so fast?" said the pig.

"Can you not see?

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The cook, the boys, the man, the hen, and the duck wish to eat me."

"That is too bad. I will run with you," said the pig.

So the pig and the pancake went on and on and on.

They came to a wide pond.

"I can not swim," said the pancake.

"I can swim," said the pig.

"Jump upon my nose, and I will take you across."

So the pancake jumped upon the pig's nose.

The pig gave a big grunt.

And snip! snap! he ate up the big round pancake.

Yes, the pig ate up every bit.

Norse Folk Tale

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THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

woman won't shan't to-night

One day an old woman found a penny.

"What can I do with this penny?" said she.

"I will go to the market and buy a pig."

So the old woman got a pig.

Then she tied a string to the pig's leg.

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On her way home she came to a stile.

The pig would not go over the stile.

She went a little farther and met a dog.

She said to the dog:

"Dog, dog, bite pig;
Pig won't go over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the dog would not.

She went a little farther and met a stick.

"Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't go over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther and met a fire.

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"Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't go over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."
But the fire would not.

She went a little farther and met some water.

"Water, water, put out fire;
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't go over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."
But the water would not.

She went a little farther and met an ox.

"Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won't put out fire,

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Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't go over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."
But the ox would not.

She went a little farther and met a man.

"Man, man, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water,
Water won't put out fire,

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Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't go over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."
But the man would not.

She went a little farther and met a rope.

"Rope, rope, hang man;
Man won't kill ox,
Ox won't drink water,

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Water won't put out fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't go over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."
But the rope would not.
She went a little farther and met a rat.
"Rat, rat, bite rope;
Rope won't hang man,
Man won't kill ox,
Ox won't drink water,
Water won't put out fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't go over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

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But the rat would not.

She went a little farther and met a cat.

"Cat, cat, kill rat;
Rat won't bite rope,
Rope won't hang man,
Man won't kill ox,
Ox won't drink water,
Water won't put out fire,
Fire won't burn stick,

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Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't go over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

The cat said, "You must get me some milk.

Then I will kill the rat."

So the old woman went to the cow and said:

"Cow, cow, will you give me some milk?"

The cow said, "Get me a pail of water to drink.

Then I will give you some milk."

So the old woman took a pail of water to the cow.

And the cow gave her some milk.

Then the old woman gave the milk to the cat.

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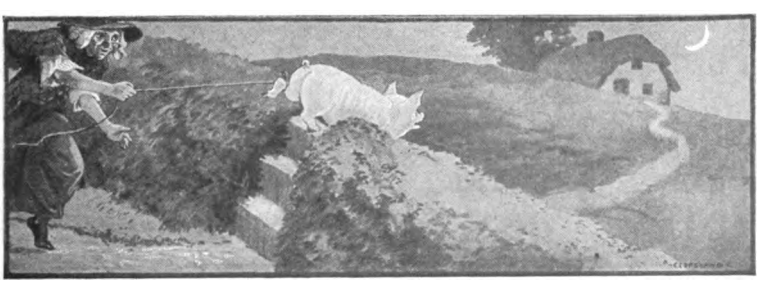
The cat began to kill the rat,
The rat began to bite the rope,
The rope began to hang the man,
The man began to kill the ox,
The ox began to drink the water,
The water began to put out the fire,
The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the dog,
The dog began to bite the pig,
And the pig jumped over the stile.
So the old woman got home with her pig.

English Folk Tale



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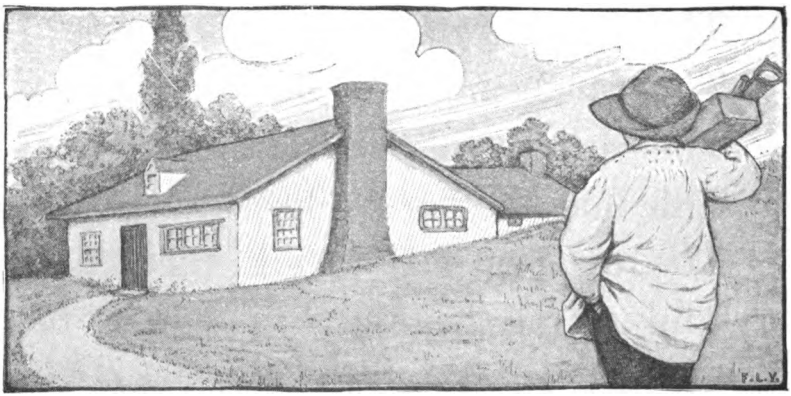

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

worried	malt	priest	crowed
married	built	shaven	crumpled

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,

That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

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This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the
crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

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This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,

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That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

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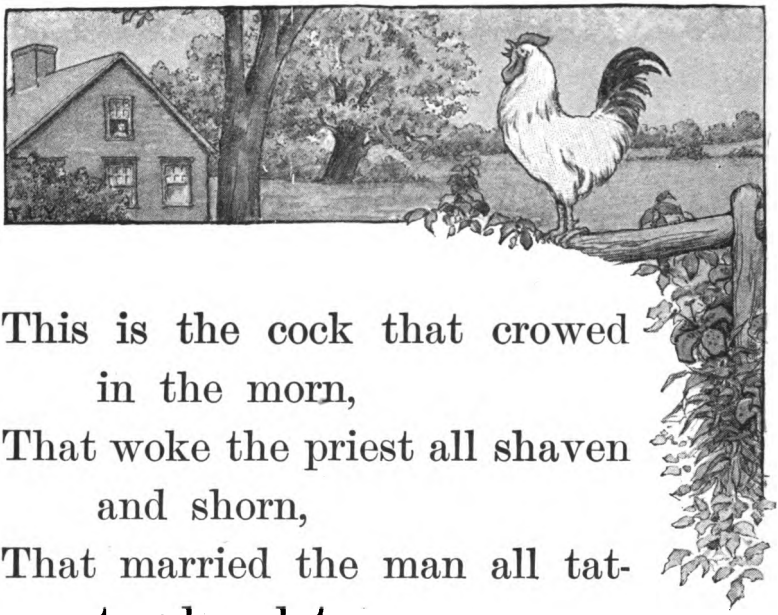

This is the cock that crowed
in the morn,
That woke the priest all shaven
and shorn,
That married the man all tat-
tered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crum-
pled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

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This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That woke the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

Nursery Rhyme

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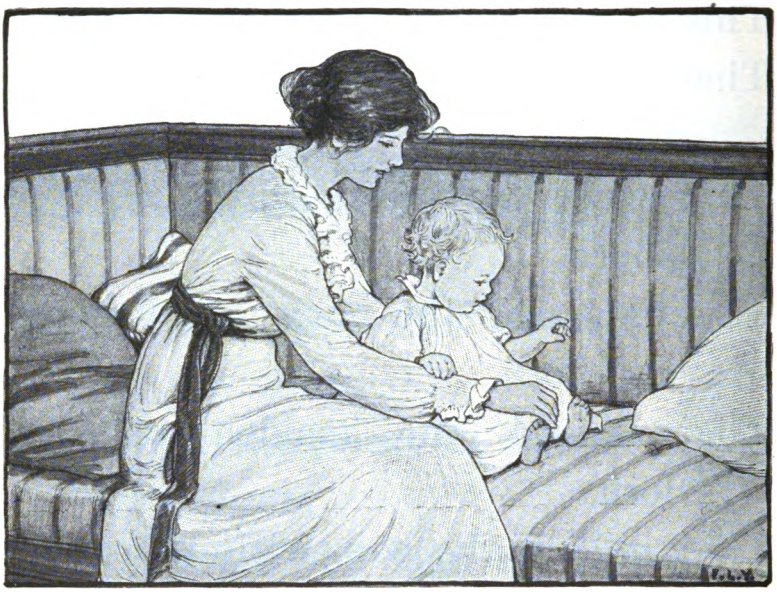

none

This little pig went to market,
This little pig stayed at home,
This little pig had roast beef,
This little pig had none,
This little pig cried, "Wee, wee!
I can't find my way home."

Mother Goose

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CHICKEN LICKEN

thought don't acorn walked

Chicken Licken went to the woods one day.

An acorn fell upon her little head.

She thought the sky had fallen.

She said, "I will go and tell the king.

I will tell the king that the sky has fallen."

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So Chicken Licken turned back and met Hen Len.

"Well, Hen Len, where are you going?"

And Hen Len said, "I am going to the woods for some food."

Chicken Licken said, "Oh, Hen Len, don't go.

I was going, and the sky fell upon my poor little head.

Now I am going to tell the king."

So Hen Len turned back with Chicken Licken.

They met Cock Lock.

"Well, Cock Lock, where are you going?"

And Cock Lock said, "I am going to the woods for some food."

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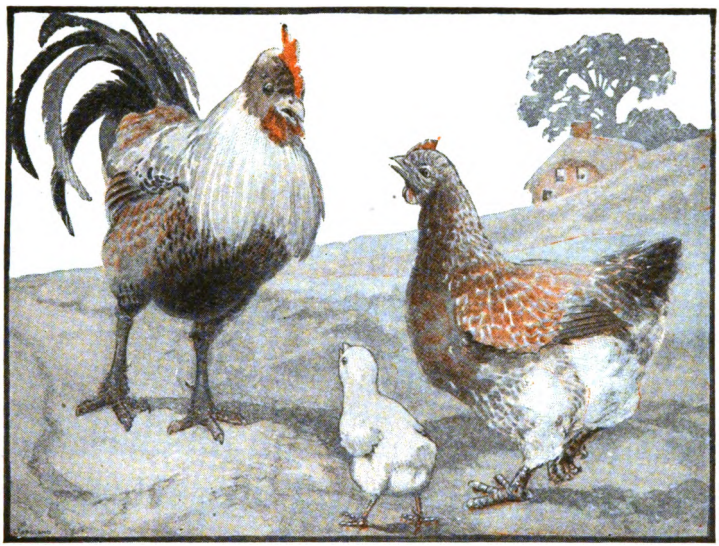

Hen Len said, "Oh, Cock Lock, don't go.

I was going, and I met Chicken Licken.

Chicken Licken was going to the woods.

There the sky fell upon her poor little head.

Now we are going to tell the king."

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So Cock Lock turned back and met Duck Luck.

"Well, Duck Luck, where are you going?"

Duck Luck said, "I am going to the woods for some food."

Cock Lock said, "Oh, Duck Luck, don't go.

I was going, and I met Hen Len.

Hen Len met Chicken Licken.

Chicken Licken was going to the woods.

There the sky fell upon her poor little head.

Now we are going to tell the king."

So Duck Luck turned back and met Drake Lake.

"Well, Drake Lake, where are you going?"

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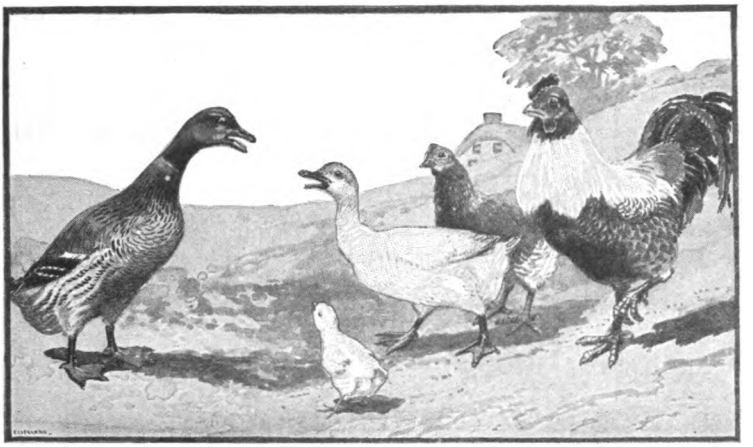

Drake Lake said, "I am going to the woods for some food."

Duck Luck said, "Oh, Drake Lake, don't go.

I was going, and I met Cock Lock.

Cock Lock met Hen Len.

Hen Len met Chicken Licken.

Chicken Licken was going to the woods.

There the sky fell upon her poor little head.

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Now we are going to tell the king."

So Drake Lake turned back and met Goose Loose.

"Well, Goose Loose, where are you going?"

Goose Loose said, "I am going to the woods for some food."

Drake Lake said, "Oh, Goose Loose, don't go.

I was going, and I met Duck Luck.

Duck Luck met Cock Lock.

Cock Lock met Hen Len.

Hen Len met Chicken Licken.

Chicken Licken was going to the woods.

There the sky fell upon her poor little head.

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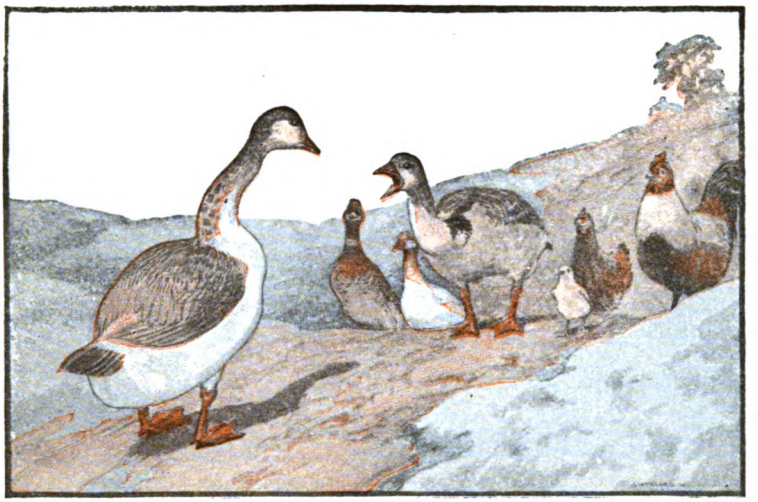

Now we are going to tell the king."

So Goose Loose turned back and met Gander Lander.

"Well, Gander Lander, where are you going?"

Gander Lander said, "I am going to the woods for some food."

Goose Loose said, "Oh, Gander Lander, don't go.

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I was going, and I met Drake Lake.

Drake Lake met Duck Luck.

Duck Luck met Cock Lock.

Cock Lock met Hen Len.

Hen Len met Chicken Licken.

Chicken Licken was going to the woods.

There the sky fell upon her poor little head.

Now we are going to tell the king."

So Gander Lander turned back and met Turkey Lurkey.

"Well, Turkey Lurkey, where are you going?"

Turkey Lurkey said, "I am going to the woods for some food."

Gander Lander said, "Oh, Turkey Lurkey, don't go.

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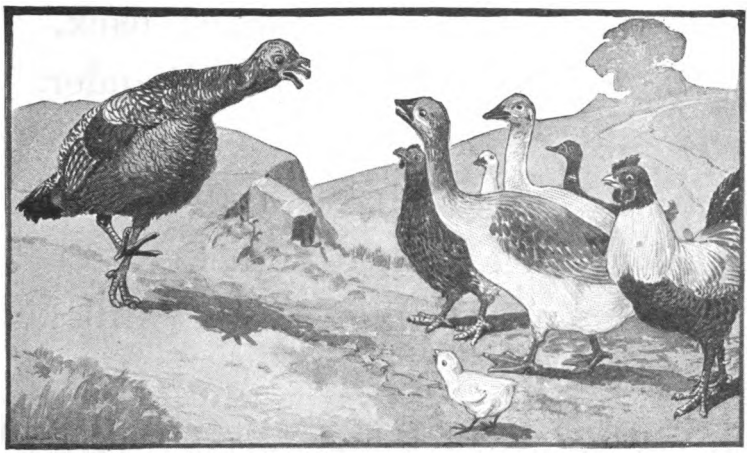

I was going, and I met Goose Loose.

Goose Loose met Drake Lake.

Drake Lake met Duck Luck.

Duck Luck met Cock Lock.

Cock Lock met Hen Len.

Hen Len met Chicken Licken.

Chicken Licken was going to the woods.

There the sky fell upon her poor little head.

Now we are going to tell the king."

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So Turkey Lurkey turned back.

He walked with Gander Lander.

Goose Loose walked with Drake Lake.

Duck Luck walked with Cock Lock.

Hen Len walked with Chicken Licken.

As they were going along they met Fox Lox.

Fox Lox said, "Where are you all going?"

They said, "Chicken Licken was going to the woods.

The sky fell upon her poor little head.

Now we are going to tell the king."

Fox Lox said, "Come with me. I will show you the way to the king."

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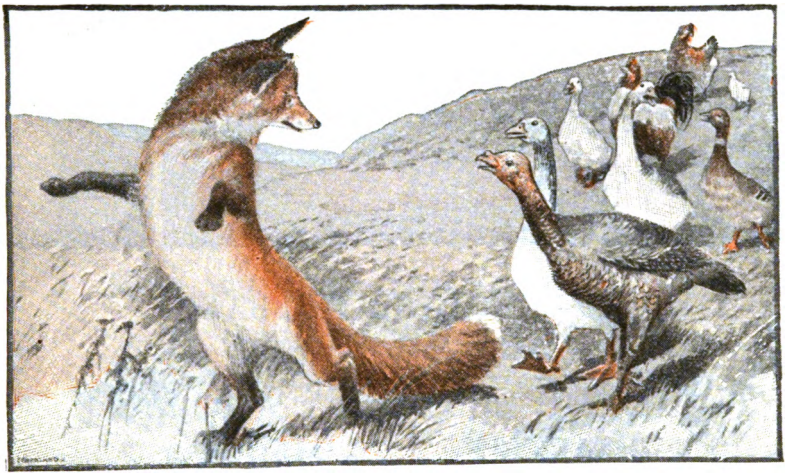

But Fox Lox took them into his den.

He and his little foxes soon ate up poor Chicken Licken, Hen Len, Cock Lock, Duck Luck, Drake Lake, Goose Loose, Gander Lander, and Turkey Lurkey.

So they never saw the king.

And they never told him that the sky had fallen.

English Folk Tale

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OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

cupboard riding shoes
curtsy baker's

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
But when she came back,
The poor dog was dead.

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She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig;
But when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat;
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes;
But when she came back,
He was reading the news.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow-wow."

English Nursery Rhyme

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TITTY MOUSE AND TATTY MOUSE

pudding death both brother
feathers three-legged lived

Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse lived in a little house.

Titty Mouse went hunting, and Tatty Mouse went hunting.

So they both went hunting.

Titty Mouse found an ear of corn,

Digitized by Google

and Tatty Mouse found an ear of corn.

So they both found an ear of corn.

Titty Mouse made a pudding, and Tatty Mouse made a pudding.

So they both made a pudding.

Tatty Mouse put her pudding in a pot to boil.

Then Titty Mouse put her pudding in a pot to boil.

But the pot tumbled over and burned her to death.

Tatty Mouse sat down and wept.

Then a three-legged stool said, "Tatty, why do you weep?"

"Titty is dead," said Tatty, "and so I weep."

"Then," said the stool, "I will hop."

So the stool began to hop.

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Then a broom in the corner of the room said, "Stool, why do you hop?"

"Oh," said the stool, "Titty is dead and Tatty weeps, and so I hop."

"Then," said the broom, "I will sweep."

So the broom began to sweep.

Then the door said, "Broom, why do you sweep?"

"Oh," said the broom, "Titty is dead and Tatty weeps.

The stool hops, and so I sweep."

"Then," said the door, "I will jar."

So the door jarred.

Then the window said, "Door, why do you jar?"

"Oh," said the door, "Titty is dead and Tatty weeps.

The stool hops and the broom sweeps, and so I jar."

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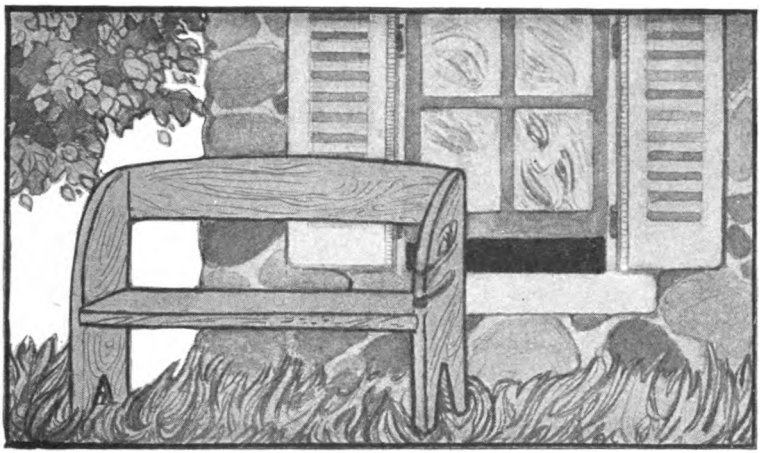

"Then," said the window, "I will creak."

So the window creaked.

There was an old bench outside the house.

When the window creaked, the bench said:

"Window, why do you creak?"

"Oh," said the window, "Titty is dead and Tatty weeps.

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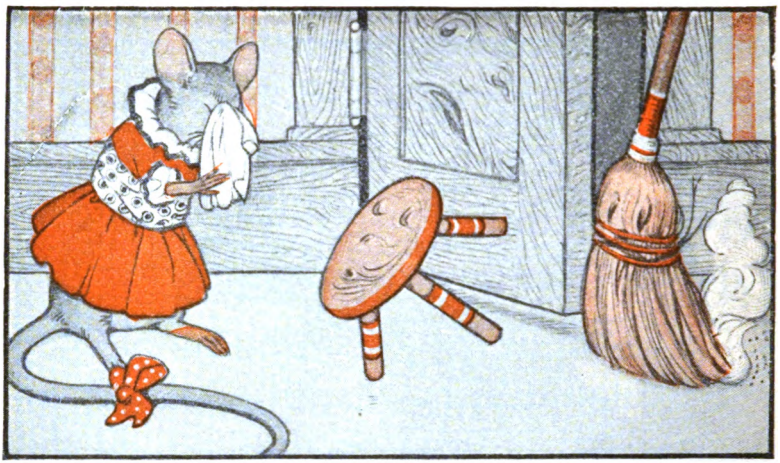

The stool hops and the broom sweeps.

The door jars, and so I creak."

"Then," said the old bench, "I will run around the house."

So the old bench ran around the house.

Now there was a fine large tree growing by the house.

The tree said to the bench, "Bench, why do you run around the house?"

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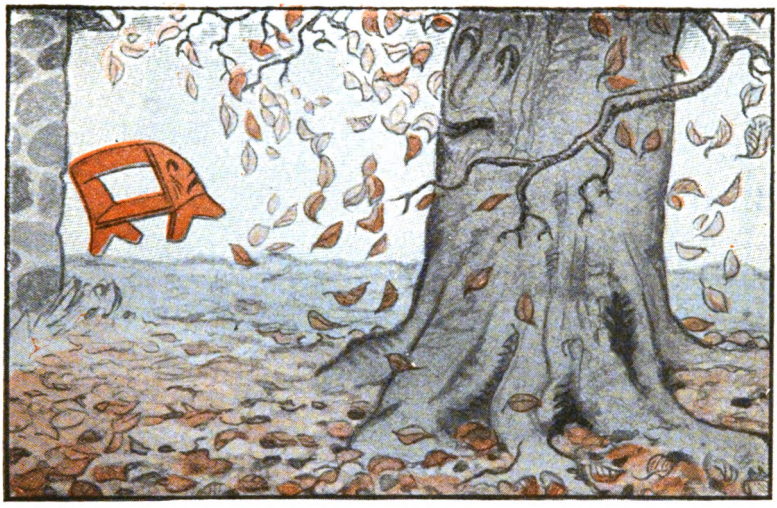

"Oh," said the bench, "Titty is dead and Tatty weeps.

The stool hops and the broom sweeps.

The door jars and the window creaks.

So I run around the house."

Then said the tree, "I will drop my leaves."

So the tree shed all its green leaves.

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Now there was a little bird in the tree.

When all the leaves fell, the bird said:

"Tree, why do you shed your leaves?"

"Oh," said the tree, "Titty is dead and Tatty weeps.

The stool hops and the broom sweeps.

The door jars and the window creaks.

The old bench runs around the house.

And so I shed my leaves."

"Then," said the little bird, "I will shed all my feathers."

So he shed all his pretty feathers.

Now there was a little girl walking under the tree.

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She had a jug of milk for her supper.

When she saw the poor little bird shed his feathers, she said:

"Little bird, why do you shed all your pretty feathers?"

"Oh," said the little bird, "Titty is dead and Tatty weeps.

The stool hops and the broom sweeps.

Digitized by Google

The door jars and the window creaks.

The old bench runs around the house.

The tree sheds all its green leaves.

And so I shed my feathers."

"Then," said the little girl, "I will spill the milk."

So she dropped the pitcher and spilled the milk.

Now there was an old man near them on the top of a ladder.

When he saw the little girl spill the milk, he said, "Little girl, why do you spill your milk?

Your brothers and sisters must now go hungry."

"Oh," said the little girl, "Titty is dead and Tatty weeps.

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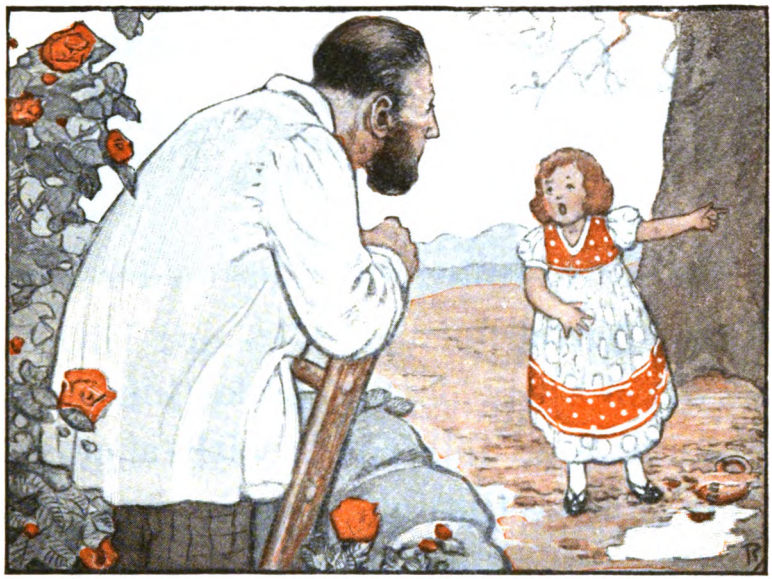

The stool hops and the broom sweeps.

The door jars and the window creaks.

The old bench runs around the house.

The tree sheds its green leaves.

The little bird sheds his feathers.

And so I spill the milk."

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"Oh," said the old man, "then I will tumble.

I will tumble off the ladder and break my neck."

So he tumbled off the ladder and broke his neck.

When the old man broke his neck, the big tree fell down with a crash.

It upset the old bench and the house.

The house broke the window.

The window broke the door.

The door broke the broom.

The broom upset the stool upon little Tatty Mouse.

And poor little Tatty Mouse was killed.

English Folk Tale

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Oh! the dust on the feather,
And the feather on the bird,
And the bird on the eggs,
And the eggs in the nest,
And the nest on the twig,
And the twig on the branch,
And the branch on the tree,
And the tree in the woods,
And the woods in the ground,
And the green grass grew
All round, round, round,
And the green grass grew all round.

Nursery Jingle

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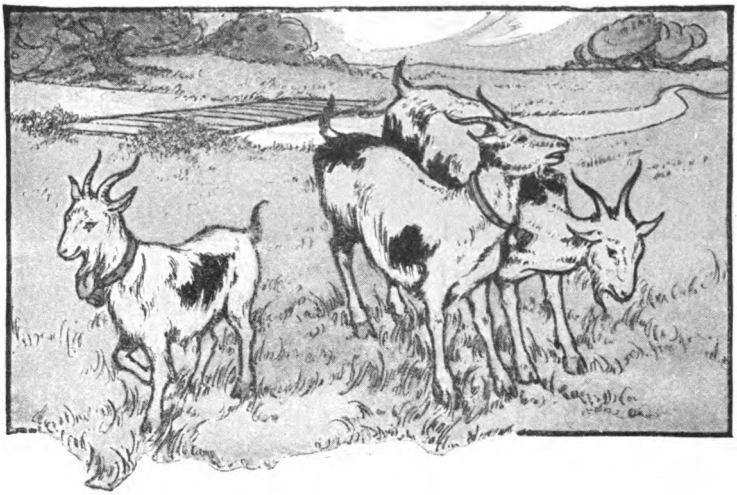

THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

who ho field right berries
anything dwarf once

Once upon a time there were three goats.

The first was Little Billy Goat Gruff.

The second was Big Billy Goat Gruff.

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The third was Great Big Billy Goat Gruff.

The three goats lived in a field.

In the field there ran a little river.

Across this river there was a bridge.

Now under this bridge there lived a wicked dwarf.

This dwarf liked to eat goats better than anything else.

So the three goats did not dare step upon the bridge.

On the other side of the river the grass was fresh and green.

There were ripe berries and good red apples, too.

How the three goats did want to cross that bridge!

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They wanted to eat the grass, and the berries, and the apples.

But no, they were afraid of the wicked dwarf under the bridge.

One day Little Billy Goat Gruff said, "I will cross that bridge.

I am going to eat some of that rich green grass."

"If you do, the dwarf will catch you," said the other goats.

"I am not afraid," said Little Billy Goat Gruff.

"He will not eat me. I am too little."

So off he trotted, trip-trap, trip-trap, over the bridge.

"Who runs trip-trap, trip-trap, over my bridge?" said the wicked dwarf.

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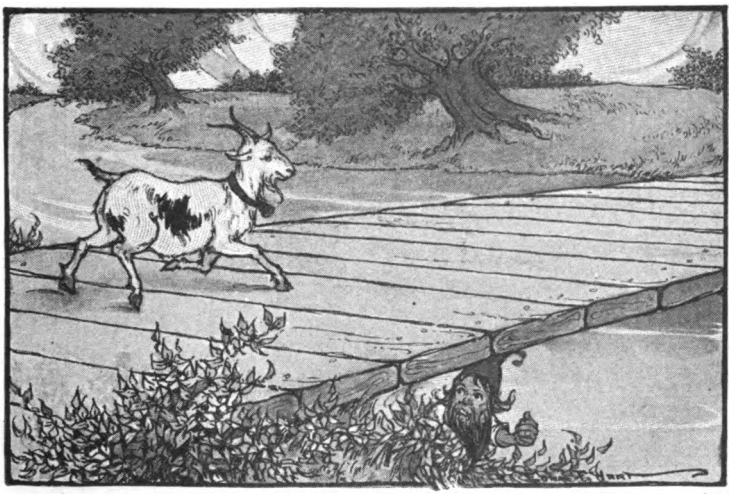

"It is I, Little Billy Goat Gruff."

"Then I will eat you," said the dwarf.

"No, do not eat me. I am too little.

Eat Big Billy Goat Gruff when he comes over the bridge.

He is much fatter than I."

"Very well," said the dwarf. "You may run over my bridge."

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So Little Billy Goat Gruff ran trip-trap, trip-trap, over the bridge.

Big Billy Goat Gruff saw Little Billy Goat Gruff run over the bridge.

He saw him begin to eat the grass.

Then Big Billy Goat Gruff said:

"I too will run over the bridge.

The dwarf did not eat Little Billy Goat Gruff.

He will not eat me."

Soon he trotted trip-trap, trip-trap, over the bridge.

"Who trots trip-trap, trip-trap, over my bridge?" said the wicked dwarf.

"It is I, Big Billy Goat Gruff."

"Then I will eat you," said the dwarf.

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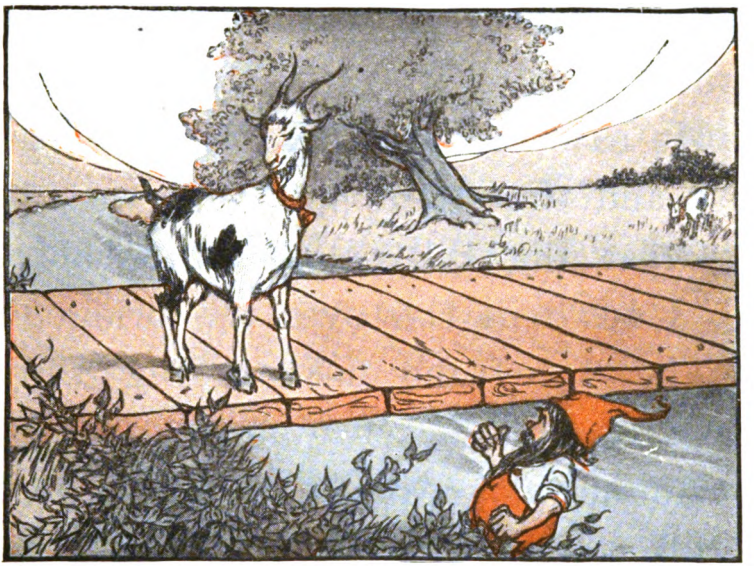

"No, do not eat me," said Big Billy Goat Gruff.

"Eat Great Big Billy Goat Gruff when he comes over the bridge.

He is much fatter than I."

"Very well," said the dwarf. "You may run over my bridge."

Great Big Billy Goat Gruff saw Big Billy Goat Gruff and Little

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Billy Goat Gruff eating the green grass.

He saw them eating the ripe berries and the red apples.

Great Big Billy Goat Gruff said:

"I too will run over the bridge.

The dwarf did not eat Big Billy Goat Gruff.

He did not eat Little Billy Goat Gruff.

So he will not eat me."

Then Great Big Billy Goat Gruff went over the bridge, trip-trap, trip-trap.

"Who goes trip-trap, trip-trap, over my bridge?" said the wicked dwarf.

"It is I, Great Big Billy Goat Gruff."

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"Ah, then I will eat you up," said the dwarf.

"Come up here and try it," said Great Big Billy Goat Gruff.

So the wicked dwarf gave a jump, and there he was on the bridge.

Great Big Billy Goat Gruff was not afraid.

He shook his horns and stamped his feet.

The wicked dwarf began to be afraid.

Then Great Big Billy Goat Gruff ran at the dwarf.

He ran as hard as he could run.

His sharp horns caught the wicked dwarf, and tossed him right off the bridge.

Down, down went the dwarf into the deep, deep water.

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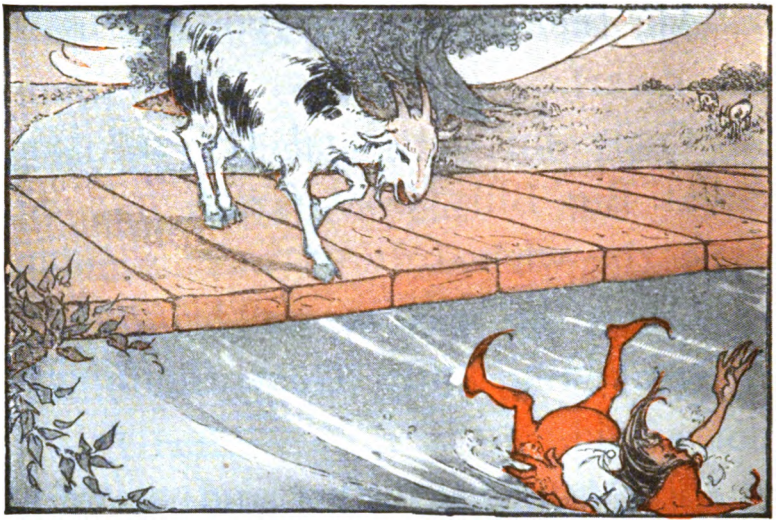

"Ho! ho! you would eat me, would you?" said Great Big Billy Goat Gruff.

"Now you can drink water instead."

So Great Big Billy Goat Gruff, Big Billy Goat Gruff, and Little Billy Goat Gruff ate the green grass, the ripe berries, and the red apples.

They all three grew fat, on the other side of the river.

English Folk Tale

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PART II

THE LITTLE RED HEN

watch floor

Once upon a time there was a little red hen.

She lived all alone in a house in the woods.

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On the side of a hill close by the house lived a sly old fox.

In the den with the sly old fox lived the fox's mother.

Many times the sly old fox had tried to catch the little red hen.

But the little red hen was wise.

So Mr. Fox could not catch her.

He tried and tried, but the little red hen was too wise for him.

The sly old fox grew thin, planning how to catch the little red hen.

One day he said to his mother:

"I have a plan to catch the little red hen.

I will take this bag and put her in it.

Have the pot on the fire when I come back.

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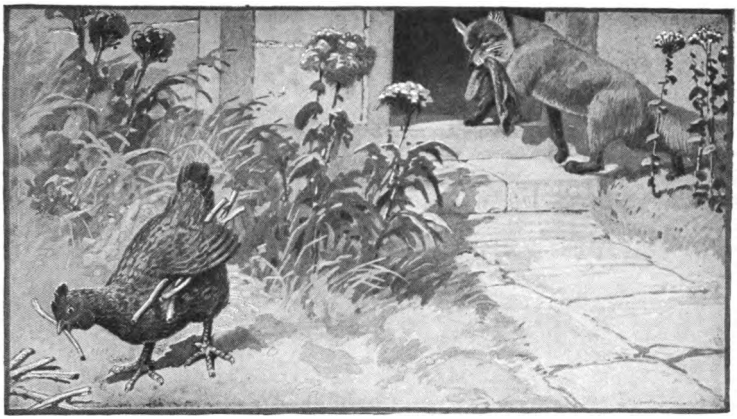

We will boil her for dinner."

The sly old fox crept up to the house of the little red hen.

The little red hen came out to pick up sticks for the fire.

She left the door open.

In slipped the sly old fox.

The little red hen's back was turned. She did not see him.

Behind the door hid the sly old fox.

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In came the little red hen with her wood.

She shut the door with a bang.

There sat the sly old fox with his big fluffy tail on the floor.

Quick as a wink the little red hen flew up to a high beam.

"Ah, Mr. Fox, you had better go home. You can't get me," she cried.

"We will see about that," said the sly old fox.

Then he began to chase his tail.

Round and round he ran.

The little red hen tried to watch him.

Soon her head went round and round, too.

She was so dizzy that down from the high beam she fell.

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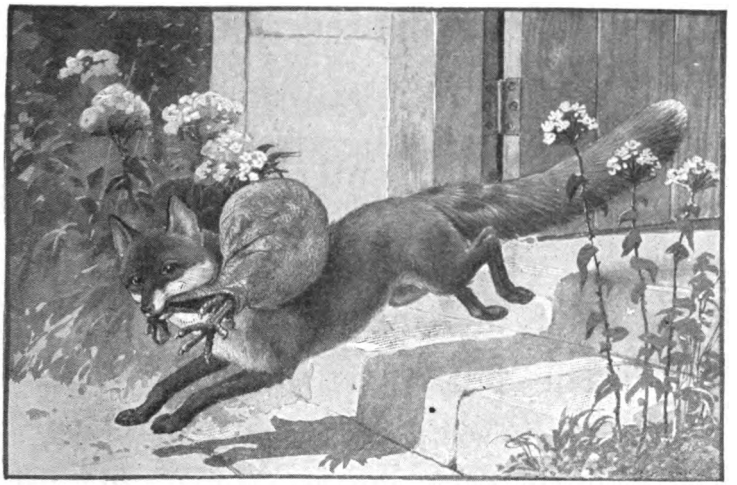

The sly old fox picked her up and put her in his bag.

Then away he ran to his den on the hill.

But the little red hen had a plan.

She took her sharp little knife from her pocket.

She cut a hole in the bag and out she jumped.

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Then the little red hen took up a great big stone.

Into the bag she dropped it.

Soon the sly old fox ran into his den.

"Mother, mother, is the water boiling in the pot?"

"Yes, my son, it is boiling hot."

Then he held the bag over the boiling water.

Down fell the great big stone into the pot.

Splash went the boiling water over the sly old fox and his mother.

So they both were killed.

After that the little red hen lived in peace in the little house in the woods.

English Folk Tale

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LITTLE PUSSY

love Pussy kindness

I love little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her
She 'll do me no harm.

So I 'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She shall sit by my side,
And I 'll give her some food;
And she 'll love me because
I am gentle and good.

I 'll pat little Pussy,
And then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks
For my kindness to her.

JANE TAYLOR

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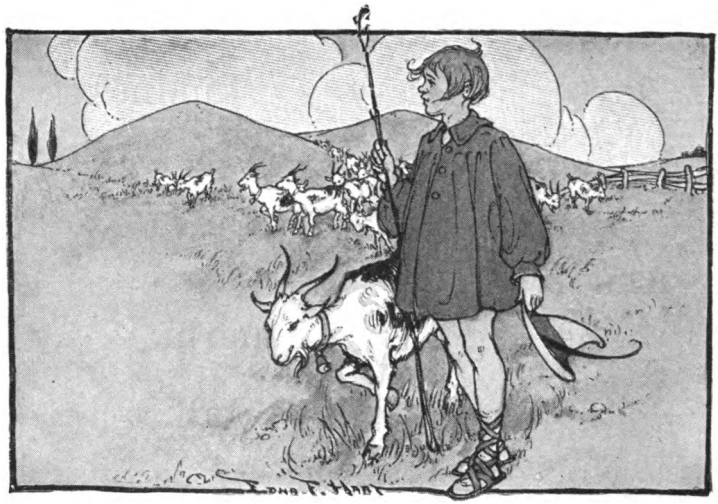

THE GOAT BOY

hello nothing

Once upon a time there was a little boy who lived on a farm.

His father had a flock of goats.

Each morning the boy drove the goats to a hillside to feed.

One day the goats jumped over a fence into a field of turnips.

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The boy tried to drive the goats out, but they would not go.

So the boy sat down on a stone and began to cry.

Mr. Rabbit came along.

"Hello, little boy. Why are you crying?" said Mr. Rabbit.

"I am crying because I can't drive the goats out of the field."

"Ho! if that's all, I'll do it," said Mr. Rabbit.

So he tried to drive the goats out of the turnip field, but they would not go.

Then Mr. Rabbit sat down on a stone and began to cry.

Pretty soon, along came Mr. Fcx.

"Hello, Mr. Rabbit, why are you crying?" said Mr. Fox.

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"I am crying because the boy cries.

The boy cries because he can't drive the goats out of the turnip field."

"Ho, ho! if that's all, I'll do it," said Mr. Fox.

So he tried to drive the goats out of the turnip field, but they would not go.

Then Mr. Fox sat down on a stone and began to cry.

Soon Mr. Wolf came along.

"Hello, Mr. Fox, why are you crying?" said Mr. Wolf.

"I am crying because Mr. Rabbit cries.

Mr. Rabbit cries because the boy cries.

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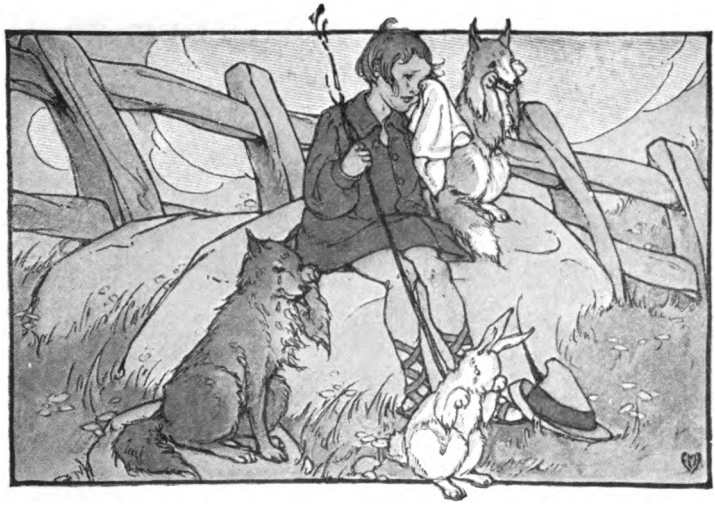

And the boy cries because he can't drive the goats out of the turnip field."

"Ho, ho, ho! if that's all, I'll do it," said Mr. Wolf.

So he tried to drive the goats out of the turnip field, but they would not go.

Then Mr. Wolf sat down on a stone and began to cry.

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While they were all sitting on the stones crying, little Mr. Bee came buzzing along.

"Hello, Mr. Wolf, why are you crying?" said Mr. Bee.

"I am crying because Mr. Fox cries.

Mr. Fox cries because Mr. Rabbit cries.

Mr. Rabbit cries because the boy cries.

And the boy cries because he can't drive the goats out of the turnip field."

"Buzz, buzz, buzz! if that's all, I'll do it," said Mr. Bee.

Then Mr. Wolf and Mr. Fox and Mr. Rabbit and the boy all stopped crying.

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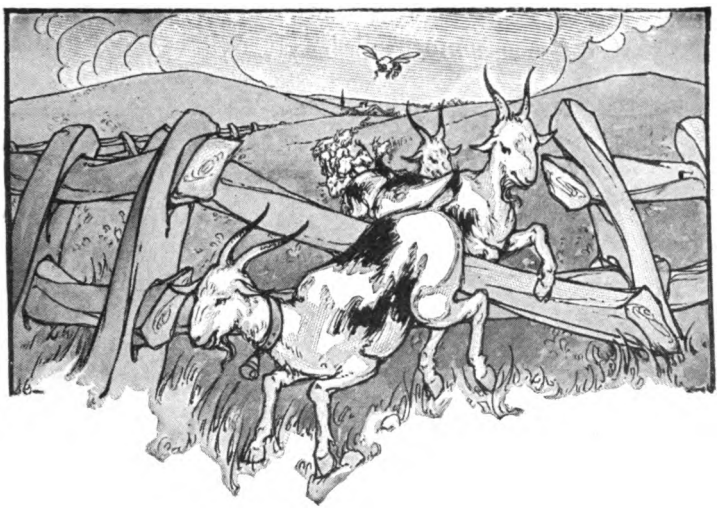

They began to make fun of Mr. Bee.

"You! you can't do it!" they all cried.

Little Mr. Bee said nothing.

He flew into the turnip field and stung great big Billy Goat.

Out of the turnip field ran great big Billy Goat and all the other goats after him.

English Folk Tale

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WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

o'er there's

Which way does the wind blow,
And where does he go?
He rides o'er the water,
He rides o'er the snow.

He blows and he tosses
The leaves from the tree,
As when you look upward,
You plainly can see.

From what place he comes,
To what place he goes,
There's no one can tell you,
There's no one who knows.

LUCY AIKIN

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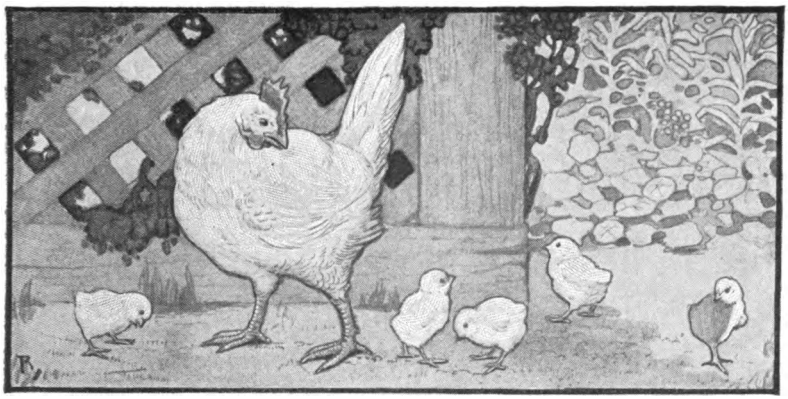

LITTLE HALF-CHICK

through should highest half
full four gone

Once upon a time there was an old mother hen.

She had five little chicks.

Four of these chicks were just like other little chicks.

They had two little legs, two little wings, and two bright little eyes.

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But the fifth little chick had only one little leg, one little wing, and one little eye.

He could not run and jump like his little brothers and sisters.

He had to go hoppity-skip, hoppity-skip, hoppity-skip.

Little Half-chick did not care in the least.

He felt proud of his one leg, his one wing, and his one eye.

He felt proud that he was not like his little brothers and sisters.

He went about, hoppity-skip, hoppity-skip, very proud indeed.

At length he said to his mother:

"I am tired of this old farm yard.

I am going to see the king."

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So off he went, hoppity-skip, hoppity-skip, to find the king's palace.

He had not gone far when he came to a little brook.

The little brook was very sad.

It was so full of grass and twigs that the water could not flow.

"Help me, help me, dear little Half-chick," cried the water.

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"Why should I help you?" cried the proud little Half-chick.

Soon Half-chick came to a fire.

The fire was made of damp wood.

It was smoking and almost out.

"Help me, help me, dear little Half-chick," cried the fire.

"Fan me with your little wing, so that I shall blaze again."

"Why should I help you?

You can never help me," cried Half-chick.

So on he went, hoppity-skip, hoppity-skip, to see the king.

When Half-chick came to the king's palace, he met the king's cook.

"Ho, ho!" said the cook. "What a queer chick!

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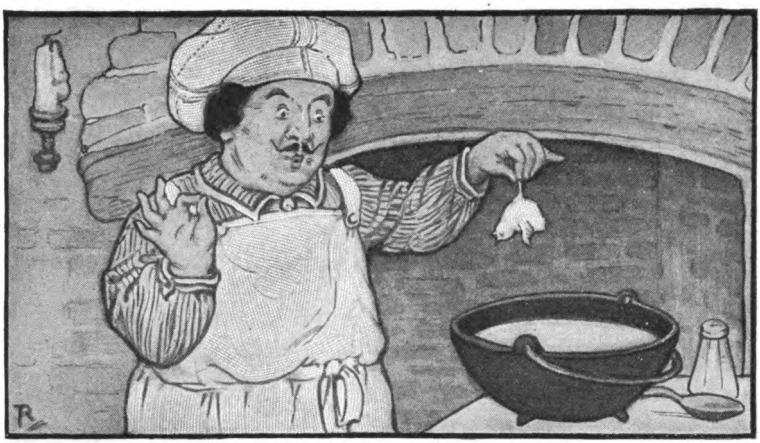

It will make a good dinner for the king."

So he took Half-chick and put him into a pot of water.

Then he put the pot of water upon the fire.

"Oh!" cried little Half-chick, "do not cover my head, water, or I shall drown."

"Why should I help you?" cried the water. "You did not help me."

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Then the water bubbled over Half-chick's head.

Soon the water grew hotter and hotter.

"Please, fire," cried little Half-chick, "do not heat the water, or I shall burn."

"Why should I help you?" cried the fire. "You did not help me."

And the fire burned and burned.

The cook soon came to take Half-chick out of the pot for the king's dinner.

He lifted the lid of the pot and looked in.

"Ah!" said the cook, "this chick will never do for the king's dinner.

The fire was too hot. It has burned him to a crisp."

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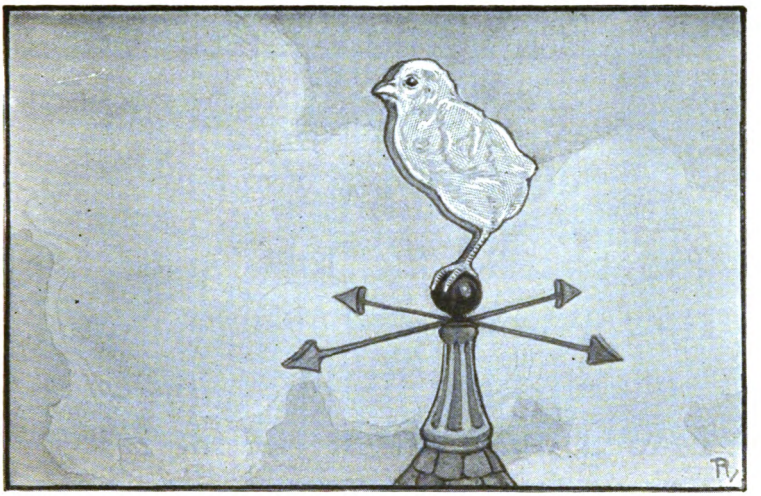

Then he took Half-chick by his one leg, and tossed him through an open window.

The wind took him and blew him to the top of the highest steeple.

There little Half-chick stays, even to this day, with his one leg, and his one wing, and his one eye.

Can you not see him turn and turn as the wind blows?

Spanish Folk Tale

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TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

above often world
diamond wonder

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the great round sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often in my window peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

JANE TAYLOR

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THE GINGERBREAD BOY

sugar gingerbread touched oven
quarter tiny talk heavy

Once upon a time there lived a little old woman and a little old man.

They lived in a little old house down under a hill.

These two lived all alone in the little old house.

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They had no little boys and no little girls.

One day the little old woman said:

"I will make a boy out of gingerbread.

I will make sugar frosting for his coat.

I will make his eyes and mouth out of bits of sugar candy.

His nose I will make out of a big fat currant.

I will make his shoes out of nuts."

So the little old woman cut out his toes.

She patted out his legs and his arms.

She laid him in a pan.

Then she put the gingerbread boy in the oven to bake.

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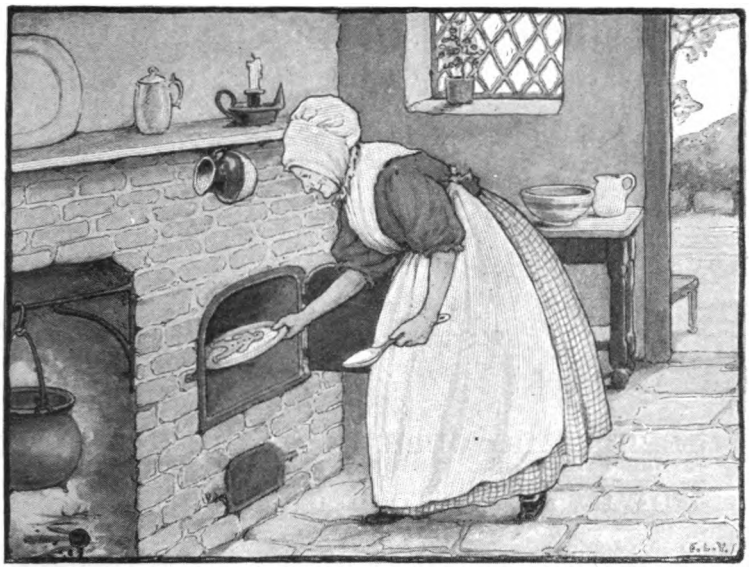

"Oho!" she cried. "Now I shall have a little gingerbread boy of my own."

Then she went about her work.

Soon it was time for the gingerbread boy to be baked.

As she went to the oven, she heard a tiny little voice.

It said, "Let me out! let me out!"

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The little old woman ran to open the oven door.

What do you think!

Out popped the little gingerbread boy.

He ran hopping and skipping across the floor.

Seeing the open door, out he went.

Down the street ran the gingerbread boy.

After him ran the little old woman and the little old man.

"Stop! stop! Gingerbread Boy!" they called.

But he only looked back and cried:

"Run, run, as fast as you can.
You can't catch me.
I'm the gingerbread man."

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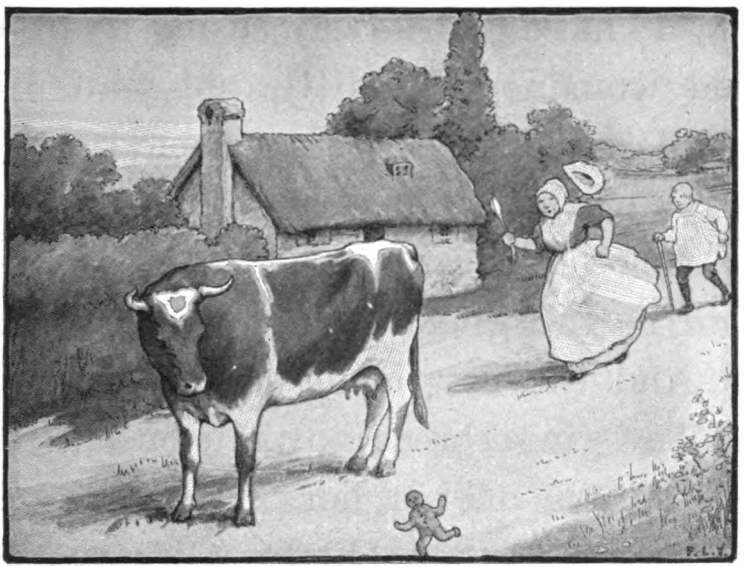

And they could not catch him.

The little gingerbread boy ran on and on.

Soon he came to a cow.

"Stop! stop! little boy!" said the cow.

"You look very good to eat."

But he only ran the faster and cried:

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"I have run away from a little old woman and a little old man.

I can run away from you, I can.

Run, run, as fast as you can.

You can't catch me.

I'm the gingerbread man."

And the cow could not catch him.

The gingerbread boy ran on and on.

Soon he met a horse.

"Stop! stop! little Gingerbread Boy!" cried the horse.

"You look very good to eat."

But he only ran the faster, and looking back, he cried:

"I have run away from a little old woman and a little old man and a cow.

I can run away from you, I can.

Run, run, as fast as you can.

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You can't catch me.

I'm the gingerbread man."

And the horse tried to catch him, but he could not.

Now the little gingerbread boy began to be very proud of his running.

He said, "No one can catch me."

Just then he met a sly old fox.

And the fox said:

"Wait a bit, little Gingerbread Boy.

I want to talk to you."

"Oho! you can't catch me," said the gingerbread boy.

Then the fox began to run, and the gingerbread boy began to run.

Then the fox ran faster, and the gingerbread boy ran faster.

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As he ran, he looked back and cried:

"I have run away from a little old woman, a little old man, a cow, and a horse.

I can run away from you, I can.

Run, run, as fast as you can.

You can't catch me.

I'm the gingerbread man."

"Why," said the fox, "I don't want to catch you.

I want to help you."

But the gingerbread boy kept on running.

And the fox kept on running.

Soon they came to a river.

"Oh! what shall I do?" cried the gingerbread boy.

"I can not cross the river."

"Jump on my tail," said the fox.

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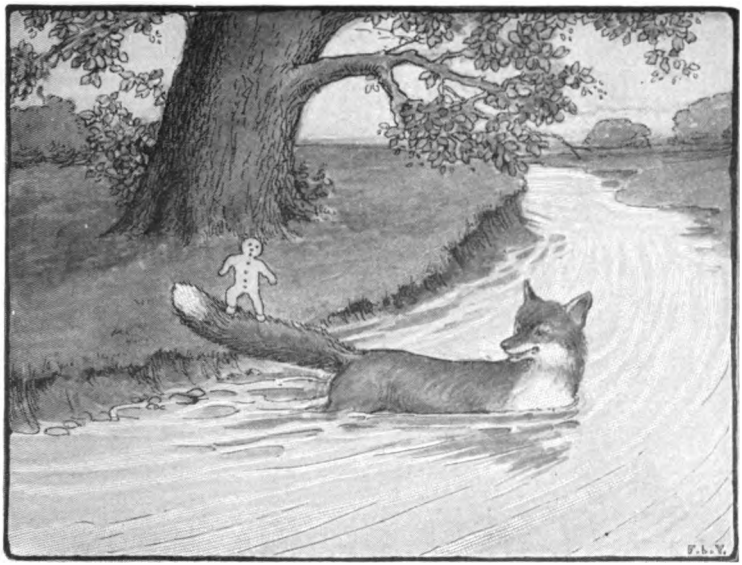

"I will take you across."

So the gingerbread boy jumped upon the fox's tail.

The fox began to swim across the river.

Soon the fox turned his head and said:

"You are too heavy for my tail.

You will get wet.

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Jump upon my back."

So the little gingerbread boy jumped upon the fox's back.

Then the fox swam a little farther out into the river.

"Dear little Gingerbread Boy," he said, "my back is sinking.

You will get wet.

Jump upon my nose."

So the little gingerbread boy jumped upon the fox's nose.

Soon the fox's feet touched the bank of the river.

He tossed the gingerbread boy into the air.

He opened his mouth, and snap! went his teeth.

"Dear me," said the little gingerbread boy, "I am a quarter gone."

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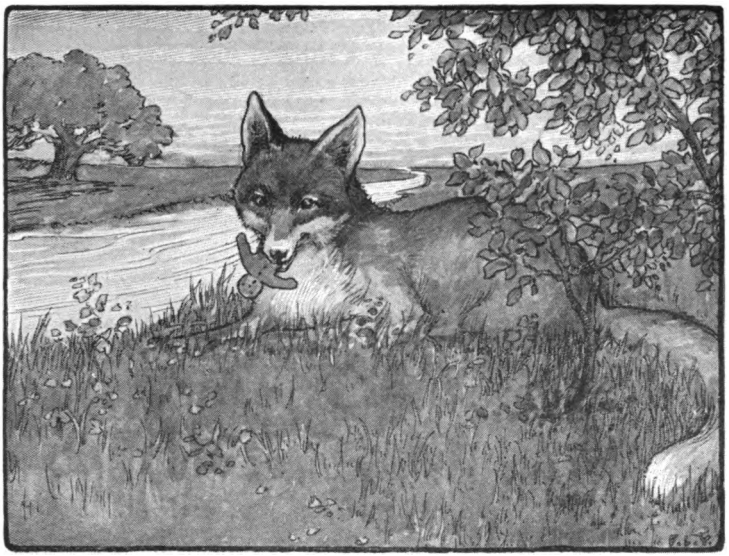

Then he said, "Why, I am half gone."

Then he cried, "I am three quarters gone."

And after that the little gingerbread boy said nothing more at all.

English Folk Tale

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THE PARTY

laugh We'll stories

"Please come to my party!"
Said Jennie to Prue.
"I'm going to have Willy
And Nelly and you.

"I'm going to have candy
And cake and ice cream.
We'll play Hunt-the-Slipper,
We'll laugh and we'll scream.

"We'll dress up in caps,
We'll have stories and tricks,
And you won't have to go
Till a quarter past six!"

GELETT BURGESS

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SILVER LOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

bear been porridge
somebody upstairs

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Silver Locks.

She lived with her father and mother in a house near the woods.

One day Silver Locks went into the woods to pick berries.

She went deeper and deeper into the woods until she came to a little house.

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Now, in this house lived three bears.

There was a great, huge bear.

There was a middle-sized bear.

There was a little, small, wee bear.

That day the middle-sized bear had made some porridge for supper.

The porridge was so hot that the three bears could not eat it.

So while it was cooling, they went for a little walk in the woods.

It was while they were gone that Silver Locks came to their house.

She rapped, but no one came to the door.

So Silver Locks went in.

On the table were the three bowls of porridge.

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There was a great, huge bowl for the great, huge bear.

There was a middle-sized bowl for the middle-sized bear.

There was a little, small, wee bowl for the little, small, wee bear.

Silver Locks was very hungry.

So first she tasted the porridge of the great, huge bear.

That was too hot for her.

Then she tasted the porridge of the middle-sized bear.

That was too cold for her.

Then she tasted the porridge of the little, small, wee bear.

That was just right.

So she ate and ate, until she ate it all up.

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Then she sat down in the great, huge bear's chair.

That was too hard for her.

Then she sat down in the middle-sized bear's chair.

That was too soft for her.

Then she sat down in the little, small, wee bear's chair.

That was just right.

So she sat and sat, until the bottom fell out of the chair.

Then Silver Locks felt sleepy.

So she went upstairs.

There she found three beds.

There was a great, huge bed for the great, huge bear.

There was a middle-sized bed for the middle-sized bear.

There was a little, small, wee bed

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for the little, small, wee bear.

First she tried the great, huge bear's bed.

That was too high at the head.

Then she tried the middle-sized bear's bed.

That was too high at the foot.

Then she tried the little, small, wee bear's bed.

That was just right.

So she lay down and went sound asleep.

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Soon the three bears came back from their walk.

Then the great, huge bear growled, in a big, gruff voice:

"Somebody has been eating my porridge."

Then the middle-sized bear cried, in a middle-sized voice:

"Somebody has been eating my porridge."

Then the little, small, wee bear said, in a shrill, little voice:

"Somebody has been eating my porridge, and has eaten it all up."

Then the three bears saw their chairs.

The great, huge bear growled, in a big, gruff voice:

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair."

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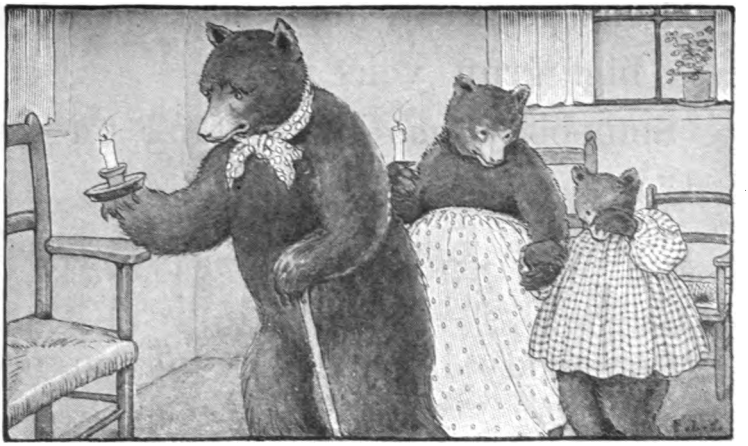

The middle-sized bear cried, in a middle-sized voice:

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair."

Then the little, small, wee bear said, in a shrill, little voice:

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has broken the bottom out of it."

By and by the three bears went upstairs to go to bed.

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Then the great, huge bear growled, in a big, gruff voice:

"Somebody has been lying on my bed."

Then the middle-sized bear cried, in a middle-sized voice:

"Somebody has been lying on my bed."

Then the little, small, wee bear said, in a shrill, little voice:

"Somebody has been lying on my bed, and here she is fast asleep!"

Just then Silver Locks woke up.

She saw the three bears.

She ran to the open window, and out she jumped.

Then Silver Locks ran home as fast as she could run.

English Folk Tale

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THE SWING

pleasantest child countryside

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside,

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown, —
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

nightcap grandmother through

Once upon a time there lived a dear little girl.

Her name was Red Riding Hood.

She was called Red Riding Hood because she wore a red hood.

One day her mother said:

"Red Riding Hood, I want you to go to see your grandmother.

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Take to her this little basket.

I have put in it a pat of butter and a loaf of cake.

Do not stop on the way.

Do not run, for you might fall and drop the basket.

Be sure to say 'good morning' to any one you may meet."

"I will do just as you tell me," said Red Riding Hood.

Then away she went with her little basket.

The grandmother's house was in a wood.

Soon the little girl came to the wood.

Here she met a wicked old wolf.

Red Riding Hood did not know he was a wicked old wolf.

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She was not a bit afraid of him.

"Good morning, Mr. Wolf," she said.

"Good morning, Red Riding Hood," said the wolf.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I am taking this basket to my grandmother," she said.

"Where does your grandmother live, Red Riding Hood?"

"A long way from here, in the wood. Her house stands near three large oak trees," she said.

"Good-by, I must be going on my way," said the wolf.

"Good-by, Mr. Wolf," said Red Riding Hood.

The wolf ran quickly through the wood.

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He came to the house of Red Riding Hood's grandmother.

But the grandmother was not at home.

The door was open, and the wolf stepped softly in.

He saw the grandmother's nightcap on the bed.

Quickly he tied it on his wicked old head.

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Then he jumped into the grandmother's bed.

Soon he heard Red Riding Hood.

She came singing along the path.

Red Riding Hood rapped at the door.

The wolf cried out, in a big, gruff voice:

"Who is there?"

"It is little Red Riding Hood, with a basket, dear grandmother."

"Open the door and come in," said the wolf.

So Red Riding Hood opened the door and went in.

She did not know that it was the wolf under the clothes.

The wicked wolf had pulled the nightcap down over his face.

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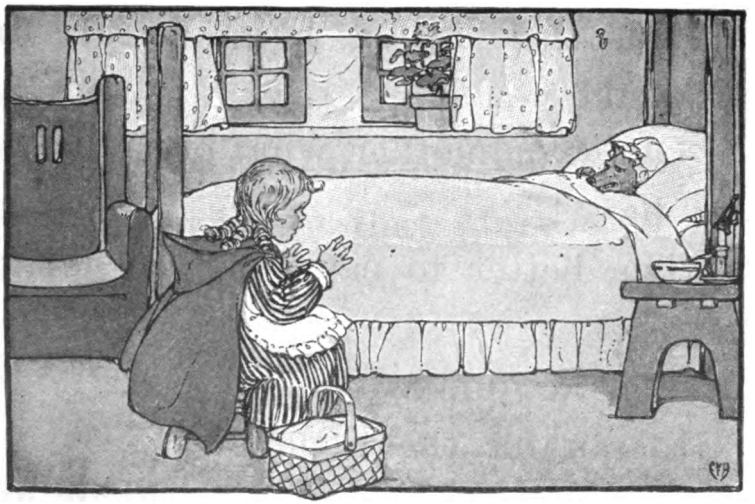

"Oh, grandmother, what great ears you have!"

"The better to hear you, my dear," said the wolf.

"And what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my dear," said the wolf.

"And grandmother, what great hands you have!"

"The better to hold you, my dear."

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Then Red Riding Hood began to be afraid.

"Oh, grandmother, what great teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you," cried the wolf.

Then he jumped out of bed.

He ran for the little girl.

Just then a woodman with an ax was passing the house.

He heard Red Riding Hood crying.

He ran quickly into the room.

With one blow of his ax he killed the wicked old wolf.

When the grandmother came home she was full of joy.

Her dear Red Riding Hood was safe and well.

German Folk Tale

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MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
His fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry;
"Oh! Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

Mother Goose

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CAREFUL HANS

should brought paper

Once upon a time there lived a boy called Careful Hans.

He always did just what was told him without thinking.

One day his mother said:

"Hans, you may go and visit your grandmother."

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So Hans went to his grandmother's house.

There he played all day long.

When Hans wished to go home, he went to his grandmother and said:

"Good-by, grandmother. Now I am going home."

"You must come again, Hans. You have been a good boy," said his grandmother.

"Now take this needle to your mother.

Tell her that I sent it."

"I will," said Hans.

Hans walked down the road behind a load of hay.

Careful Hans stuck the needle into the load of hay.

When Hans came home, he said:

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"Good evening, mother."

"What did grandmother say?" asked his mother.

"She said, 'Take this needle and give it to your mother.'"

"Where is the needle?"

"I stuck it into a load of hay and could not find it," said Hans.

"You must not do that again.

Stick it in your coat sleeve.

That is the way to carry a needle."

"Ah! the next time I will do so," said Hans.

The next day Hans put on his cap.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"To grandmother's house."

"Be a good boy, Hans," said his mother.

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"I will, mother," said Hans. "Good-by."

So Hans went to his grandmother's house.

There he played all day long.

When Hans wished to go home, he went to his grandmother and said:

"Good-by, grandmother. Now I am going home."

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"You must come again, Hans. You have been a good boy," said his grandmother.

"Now take this knife to your mother.

Tell her that I sent it."

"I will," said Hans.

Hans took the knife and put it in his sleeve, just as his mother had told him.

Then he walked home to his mother.

"Good evening, mother," said Hans.

"Good evening, Hans.

What did grandmother say?"

"She said, 'Take this knife to your mother.

Tell her that I sent it.'"

"Where is the knife?"

"I put it in my sleeve, and I can not find it," said Hans.

Digitized by Google

"What a foolish boy!

Do you not know better than that?

You should have put the knife into your pocket," said his mother.

"Well, I will do so next time," said Hans.

The next day Hans put on his cap.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"To grandmother's house," said Hans.

"Be a good boy, Hans."

"I will, mother," said Hans. "Good-by."

So Hans went to his grandmother's house.

There he played all day long.

When Hans wished to go home, he went to his grandmother and said:

"Good-by, grandmother. Now I am going home."

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"You must come again, Hans. You have been a good boy," said his grandmother.

"Now take this little puppy dog to your mother.

Tell her that I sent it."

"I will," said Hans.

Hans took the little dog, and pushed and pushed, until he pushed him into his pocket, just as his mother had told him.

Then he walked home.

"Good evening, mother," said Hans.

"Good evening, Hans.

What did grandmother say?"

"She said, 'Take this little puppy dog to your mother.

Tell her that I sent it.'"

"Where is the puppy dog?"

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"I put him into my pocket, but now he is dead," and Hans rubbed his eyes and began to cry.

"What a foolish boy!

Do you not know better than that?

You should have tied a string around the puppy's neck, and led him behind you."

"I will do so next time," said Hans.

The next day Hans put on his cap.

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"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"To grandmother's house," said Hans.

"Be a good boy, Hans."

"I will, mother," said Hans. "Good-by."

So Hans went to his grandmother's house.

There he played all day long.

When Hans wished to go home, he went to his grandmother and said:

"Good-by, grandmother. Now I am going home."

"You must come again, Hans. You have been a good boy," said his grandmother.

"Now take this meat to your mother.

Tell her that I sent it."

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"I will," said Hans.

Hans took the meat and tied a string around it.

Then he walked home to his mother, dragging the meat on the ground behind him.

"Good evening, mother," said Hans.

"Good evening, Hans.

What did grandmother say?"

"She said, 'Take this meat to your mother.

Tell her that I sent it.'"

"Where is the meat?" asked his mother.

"I tied it to a string and dragged it on the ground behind me, but the dogs ate it all up," said Hans.

"What a foolish boy!

Do you not know better than that?

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You should have tied the meat up in strong paper and brought it home on your head."

"I will do so next time," said Hans.

The next day Hans put on his cap.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"To grandmother's house."

"Be a good boy, Hans."

"I will, mother," said Hans. "Good-by."

So Hans went to his grandmother's house.

There he played all day long.

When Hans wished to go home, he went to his grandmother and said:

"Good-by, grandmother. Now I am going home."

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"You must come again, Hans. You have been a good boy," said his grandmother.

"Now take this pound of sweet butter to your mother.

Tell her that I sent it."

"I will," said Hans.

Hans took the butter.

He tied it up in brown paper.

Then he placed it on his head.

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The sun was hot.

It melted the butter, so that it ran into his hair.

It got into his eyes.

It went down his neck.

It ran down over his coat.

His mother saw her dirty boy and said:

"Hans, Hans! what have you in your hat?"

"The butter that grandmother gave me," said Hans.

"Oh, you foolish boy!

Do you not know better than that?"

This was the last time that Hans went to visit his grandmother.

Hans did not think, think, think.

Do you?

German Folk Tale

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THE CRAB AND THE FOX

Once upon a time there lived a wise old crab.

His home was in the bubbling brook.

But sometimes he would crawl out upon the grassy bank.

One day as he was crawling along the bank he met Mr. Fox.

"Well, well, Mr. Crab," said Mr. Fox, "what a queer walk you have!

You seem to walk as well backward as forward."

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"I can walk much faster than you seem to think, Mr. Fox.

I should be willing to try a race with you."

To Mr. Fox this was very funny.

But he only said, "Shall we race for a mile or for half a mile, Mr. Crab?"

"Let it be as far as you wish," replied Mr. Crab.

"But you must do one thing or I will not race with you."

"What is that?" said Mr. Fox.

"When we start, you must be just the length of your body ahead of me."

"Very well," said Mr. Fox.

When he turned around to start the race, his great bushy tail swept over Mr. Crab.

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Mr. Crab took the bushy tail in his strong claws.

Mr. Fox did not know that Mr. Crab was clinging to his tail.

"Are you ready, Mr. Crab?"

"All ready, Mr. Fox."

Away went Mr. Fox, swift as the wind.

At the end of the mile he turned around.

"Oho! where are you, Mr. Crab?"

"Here I am, Mr. Fox," said Mr. Crab.

"You see that I have beaten you."

"Yes, Mr. Crab, you have beaten me."

But how unfairly it had been done, Mr. Fox never knew. *German Folk Tale*

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THE COW

friendly wanders among

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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PHONETIC TABLES

The following phonetic tables, although arranged somewhat differently, are similar to those found in the Beacon Primer. It was thought wise to repeat the earlier tables in order that the teacher might have them at hand for pupils entering her class without any previous phonetic training.

The phonetic work should be a matter for constant review and drill. At least as much time should be devoted to practice on the phonetic tables as to the actual reading.

bat	fad	man	pad	sat
bad	fat	mad	pan	sag
bag	hat	mat	rat	tap
cat	had	map	rag	tan
can	ham	Nat	ran	tax
cap	lad	nag	rap	vat
cab	lag	nap	ram	van
fan	lap	pat	sap	wax

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bog	don	loll	toss	sod
boss	doll	lot	mop	sob
box	dot	top	mob	sop

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cog	fog	not	Poll	rob
cod	fox	nod	pot	rod
cob	hod	pop	got	top
fob	hog	pod	rot	Tom

---

bit	fig	jib	miss	sip
big	fix	jig	mix	six
bin	fill	Jill	nip	tip
bill	hid	kid	pin	tin
dig	hit	kiss	pig	vim
did	him	lid	rid	win
dip	hill	lip	rib	will

The following words contain the vowels *a, i, o.*

jog	hit	hip	lit	lad
jig	tip	hot	lot	rob
jam	top	bat	rip	pin
hod	tap	bill	rod	gap
had	fag	bog	ran	nip
hid	fog	dot	hill	bad
him	fig	mill	lass	Sam

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bud	cub	hull	muss	rub
bug	cup	huff	mug	rum
bun	dug	hum	mud	rug
but	dull	hut	nut	run
buzz	fun	hug	nun	sun
cud	fuss	hub	puff	sup
cut	gull	jug	pug	sum
cuff	gum	jut	pun	tug
cull	gun	muff	pup	tub

---

bet	den	let	pet	tell
beg	dell	leg	peg	wet
bed	fed	less	pen	well
bell	fell	met	sell	yes
Ben	get	men	set	yet
Bess	led	net	ten	vex

The following words contain the vowels *a*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and *e*.

fan	but	leg	well	led
fun	bit	lag	win	lad
fin	bat	log	will	lid

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ten	tell	yet	kiss	muff
tan	men	net	pill	jug
got	man	dug	nag	yell
get	bed	rob	sob	pen
fell	bad	set	hod	map
fill	bud	run	rib	doll
fog	hen	top	hiss	hill
met	pin	hit	beg	hut
mitt	mop	yes	rub	vex
till	cap	sun	dell	vim

The following words form a review of capitals and possessives.

Can	Jim's	Bess	Ned's	Will's
Run	Jug	Rod	Red	Rob's
Yes	Get	Man	Rug	Fan's
Hot	Hug	It	Sam's	Jess
Hit	Gun	Win	Sit	Ben's
Bell	Well	Tom's	Kit's	Buff
Dan's	Wet	Kid	Tim's	Ann's
Don's	Bag	Toss	Let	Muff

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The words of the following lessons have a blend of two consonants after the vowel.

A

gift	sift	nest	silk	fist
self	rest	sand	felt	lift
best	pond	tent	lint	hint
dust	must	milk	lend	melt
bend	mend	belt	mist	band
hunt	camp	land	hand	lump
jump	pump	lamp	damp	bump

B

cash	back	bank	sash	dish
fish	wish	hush	rush	pick
tack	pack	neck	peck	duck
kick	lick	rock	lock	sick
sing	sink	wink	ink	rang
sank	sang	king	inch	ring
bang	hung	sung	wing	such
catch	patch	match	much	ditch

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In the following lessons the blend of two consonants precedes the vowel.

A

stab	stag	stiff	stem	clip
slam	cliff	skin	skim	plan
plum	flag	flax	fled	flog
glad	snap	snag	slip	sled
scab	scum	spell	spin	spot
twig	twit	swell	swim	crab
crib	floss	grab	trap	trim
prop	drab	brim	frog	slug

B

shed	shod	shut	shot	chat
chap	chip	chum	thin	that
then	this	than	them	whip

REVIEW

best	cash	stab	slip	crab
ring	shut	rock	bang	swell
thin	mist	chap	such	bend
match	shod	milk	them	scum

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REVIEW (CONTINUED)

rang	bank	wish	back	sled
felt	sank	wink	pick	lift
dust	hunt	camp	mend	silk
fled	self	sung	spot	shed
skin	sift	send	king	this
rush	stag	snag	shot	duck
spin	damp	slam	floss	tack

The following table contains a drill upon consonant blends with the plural form.

grants	hunts	prints	clocks	backs
hacks	packs	sacks	shocks	stacks
tacks	tracks	blocks	chicks	flocks
frocks	locks	rocks	necks	bricks
kicks	picks	sticks	banks	tricks
specks	ducks	hands	rings	pecks
bends	bands	winds	ponds	stands
bonds	ponds	kings	trunks	stings
pinks	things	wings	drinks	stumps

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The three common ways of representing the sound of long *a* are (1) by the addition of final *e*, (2) by the digraph *ai*, (3) by the digraph *ay*.

fade	rave	daze	gave	safe
fame	cane	save	haze	cave
dame	pave	wade	tape	lame
name	wave	flame	same	came
tame	blaze	crave	brave	game
graze	made	craze	shade	glaze
aim	sail	hail	mail	rain
pain	train	staid	paid	grain
may	say	gay	day	way
pay	ray	jay	hay	stray

REVIEW

way	say	ray	floss	hay
milk	spot	pay	tame	sail
rush	rain	thin	train	chat
bend	dish	hail	bank	paid
made	bang	whip	brave	blaze
stands	flame	locks	lands	swim

Digitized by Google

The three common ways of representing the sound of long *i* are (1) by the addition of final *e*, (2) by the digraph *ie*, (3) by the vowel *y*.

five	size	live	ride	line
tide	pine	dive	bite	vine
bide	wide	hide	side	wine
drive	dime	mine	hive	prize
lie	tie	fie	die	pie
hie	died	tied	lied	dried
spied	cried	tried	fried	pried
by	dry	fry	my	shy
fly	sky	try	pry	cry
sly	sty	spry	spy	why

REVIEW

slip	lie	dry	my	sly
spry	gay	sky	ride	pie
melt	shut	skin	tide	died
mine	pine	pain	dive	dime
same	cried	damp	grain	spell
chicks	banks	bricks	dame	game

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The three common ways of representing the sound of long *o* are (1) by the addition of final *e*, (2) by the digraph *oa*, (3) by the digraph *oe*.

mode	cove	rode	pole	hope
stole	wove	dome	stove	rope
bone	vote	tone	robe	drove
mope	note	sole	stone	home
boast	boat	coach	coal	coat
float	foam	roast	soak	soap
whoa	goat	groan	coast	toast
doe	foe	hoe	toe	woe
Joe	hoed	throe	roe	floe

REVIEW

die	pry	cry	tie	Joe
spin	coal	hoe	toe	rode
gave	save	vote	hive	mail
boat	hoed	cave	float	bone
stole	wine	rang	soap	lame
wide	dome	snap	wave	drive
hand	chum	roast	home	whoa

Digitized by Google

The three common ways of representing the sound of long *u* are (1) by the addition of final *e*, (2) by the digraph *ew*, (3) by the digraph *ue*.

mute	lute	cute	tube	cube
new	news	stew	mews	stews
few	pew	hew	mew	dew
sue	due	hue	cue	sues

The three common ways of representing the sound of long *e* are (1) by the addition of final *e*, (2) by the digraph *ee*, (3) by the digraph *ea*.

here	sere	mere	mete	cede
creep	deep	feed	feel	feet
fleet	free	green	greet	bleed
cheer	deer	deed	sweet	three
bead	beak	beat	seat	treat
cheat	plea	reach	bean	beast
steam	scream	team	creak	speak

S at the end of a word or before final *e* usually has the sound of *z*.

as	is	his	use	wise
nose	these	rose	rise	those

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Nouns ending in final *e*, in which the preceding vowel is long, add *s* to form their plurals.

ropes	kites	sides	cores	fifes
times	hives	scales	lanes	jokes
wives	lakes	stores	pipes	miles
dimes	gates	waves	hopes	pines
yokes	tubes	games	tribes	babes
grapes	cakes	globes	panes	homes
names	bones	cubes	stoves	snakes
manes	brides	spikes	flames	whales
smiles	shores	spades	crimes	shades

REVIEW

vine	hue	day	five	aim
pole	feel	woe	due	sled
goat	frog	hew	size	coat
than	stray	deer	twig	grab
hope	coast	robe	cube	save
mew	wade	daze	cheat	beast
mute	cheer	fried	bleed	three
speak	steam	beak	drove	bump

Digitized by Google

The following words contain the vowel *o* as modified by *r*.

for	nor	fork	born	cork
scorn	form	corn	stork	horn
storm	thorn	torch	scorch	morn

The following words contain the vowel *a* as modified by *r*.

far	car	tar	jar	bar
tart	arm	cart	part	lard
scar	dart	yard	hard	bark
dark	mark	hark	farm	start
smart	spark	harm	shark	charm

REVIEW

sty	jay	flag	sue	tar
nor	line	feet	doe	bite
tart	deed	lute	fled	corn
tied	form	trap	tone	soak
cart	glaze	feed	lend	band
dew	kites	crab	shed	stove
hose	green	cane	stew	wink
stork	groan	greet	shark	beam
mark	storm	coach	spark	sweet

Digitized by Google

Words containing *ur*, *er*, and *ir*.

cur	fur	slur	turf	curl
bur	furl	surf	blur	purr
hurl	spur	burn	churn	spurt
her	fern	jerk	clerk	serf
term	herd	stern	perch	pert
nerve	verse	berth	merge	serge
sir	stir	dirt	fir	girl
first	bird	gird	girth	twirl
shirt	firm	birth	mirth	swirl
skirt	third	chirp	thirst	whirl

REVIEW

stir	free	fie	live	scar
bur	dart	foe	furs	shot
fork	hurl	car	fern	yard
beat	spur	arm	firm	tube
foam	cove	hard	part	reach
wove	swell	skirt	morn	name
pines	scorn	third	shade	perch

Digitized by Google

The sound of *ow* as found in *cow* may be represented by *ow* or by *ou*.

cow	now	mow	bow	how
town	brown	drown	clown	frown
out	pout	shout	loud	round
sound	count	mouse	snout	proud
bound	found	mouth	pound	hound
blouse	house	ground	mound	sprout

REVIEW

pert	jar	try	fry	bar
bird	out	slur	far	serf
new	hoe	rose	cow	turn
now	sick	seat	may	shod
that	burn	plea	lard	pout
cork	hark	stuff	hush	jokes
mow	mode	sang	peck	graze
staid	shout	bark	clerk	thirst
perch	charm	count	nerve	brown
found	mouth	house	sound	drown
smart	blouse	mound	bound	scream

Digitized by Google

The sound of *oi* as found in *oil* may be represented by *oi* or by *oy*.

oil	coil	boil	toil	foil
broil	join	loin	coin	soil
hoist	joist	spoil	joint	point
coy	boy	toy	joy	cloy

REVIEW

fir	oil	ink	is	as
boil	use	boy	fur	toy
dirt	spy	furl	joy	his
curl	bur	bide	hie	coil
how	rise	sash	coy	joist
pew	cloy	part	soil	pose
boat	hide	pave	tart	third
joint	blur	farm	join	creep
hoist	loud	torch	line	snout
miles	herd	spurt	pile	lakes
wives	purr	pipes	start	churn
proud	pried	hound	storm	round
bound	point	mouse	stoves	sprout

Digitized by Google

In the following lists *ue* and *ew* have nearly the sound of *oo*.

food	stool	tool	cool	pool
loose	mood	boon	roof	soon
room	stoop	roost	hoof	hoop
spool	noose	sloop	noon	loom
spoon	brood	booth	tooth	shoot
smooth	groom	broom	doom	goose
true	rue	blue	flue	clue
blew	brew	chew	crew	flew
grew	threw	screw	shrewd	drew

REVIEW

spry	for	food	joy	coal
broil	join	blue	feed	crew
blew	jerk	born	deep	hope
room	bow	slam	thorn	loud
stern	first	gates	camp	stool
tooth	fade	shout	goose	berth
ground	stoop	mouse	broom	brood

Digitized by Google

The words in the following lists have the sound of *a* in *all*.

ball	call	fall	hall	tall
stall	wall	small	squall	gall
haul	fault	cause	fraud	Maud
faun	maul	flaunt	clause	pause
jaw	raw	caw	paw	law
saw	claw	straw	pawn	flaw
drawl	yawn	hawk	shawl	crawl

REVIEW

fall	sir	law	her	caw
this	jaw	boy	joist	hail
furs	stiff	saw	mine	hall
cute	ball	scar	noon	vote
hoof	fork	fuse	mood	firm
roost	wall	haul	green	crew
cried	fraud	drew	hawk	bead
chew	groan	wove	sweet	cause
harm	much	yawn	sound	threw
found	shawl	mouth	pound	brown

Digitized by Google

REVIEW OF VOWEL SOUNDS

This table should be taken rapidly.

all	fill	howl	rule	spool
ail	fell	mill	rail	spell
awl	fall	mail	rill	spoil
ill	fail	mile	sole	stall
eel	fool	male	sail	steal
ball	feel	meal	seal	still
bell	file	mule	sell	stale
bale	fowl	pale	sill	steel
bail	gale	pail	soil	stile
bill	gull	peal	scale	stole
boil	goal	pile	scalp	stool
bawl	hill	pole	scowl	tell
call	hall	peel	skill	tall
coal	hale	pill	shell	till
cool	hail	pool	shoal	tale
dell	heel	quill	shawl	tail
doll	hull	quail	swill	tile
dull	bole	reel	swell	toil

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tool	got	rod	bride	fare
vile	gate	red	brood	fair
vale	goat	reed	air	fear
veal	mitt	ride	ore	for
wail	mat	rode	oar	fir
well	meet	read	our	fur
will	mite	rude	bar	fire
wall	mate	pan	bur	fore
whale	mute	pin	bare	her
while	meat	pun	bore	hair
wheel	nut	pain	car	hare
whirl	not	pine	cur	hear
when	note	pane	care	hire
cat	neat	sun	core	jar
cot	sit	seen	cure	jeer
cut	set	soon	dare	mire
cute	sat	sum	deer	more
coat	seat	seem	dear	mare
cote	site	seam	far	pare
get	lard	scar	fern	yard

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The sounds of the vowels in the following words are exceptions.

bind	rind	find	wild	pint
mind	blind	child	grind	kind
old	told	gold	roll	sold
mold	cold	both	fold	hold
stroll	bold	scold	colt	droll
bowl	flow	bow	low	tow
glow	crow	own	row	flown
mow	blow	grow	slow	grows
blown	sown	snow	show	growth
shown	throw	mown	grown	thrown
bread	dead	head	lead	read
breath	tread	stead	death	dread
health	wealth	spread	meant	stealth
took	cook	foot	look	nook
book	stood	hook	good	hood
wood	shook	brook	wool	crook

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It will be noticed that where final *e* is used to soften the sound of *c*, *g*, and *dg*, it frequently does not lengthen the preceding vowel. *C* followed by *e* has the sound of *s*.

ice	lace	slice	truce	farce
cell	mice	place	peace	hence
rice	pace	twice	brace	mince
face	trice	fleece	cease	fence
race	mace	trace	voice	since
nice	spice	price	choice	dunce
cent	space	splice	spruce	prince

G and *dg* followed by *e* have the sound of *j*.

A

age	page	urge	lunge	tinge
rage	huge	singe	cringe	surge
cage	wage	hinge	charge	fringe
stage	gage	change	splurge	plunge

B

edge	ledge	wedge	sledge	ridge
bridge	budge	judge	fudge	pledge
hedge	dredge	dodge	lodge	grudge
nudge	trudge	badge	smudge	Madge

Digitized by Google

In the following words *a* has the sound between that of *a* in *bat* and *a* in *car*.

cast	last	task	raft	ask
cask	rasp	past	path	fast
can't	pass	slant	hasp	bath
mast	flask	clasp	blast	glass
lance	class	shaft	grass	shan't
brass	mass	mask	grant	trance
grasp	glance	dance	chance	prance

REVIEW

can	cot	cat	lap	jug
lace	flat	rag	gag	egg
face	pat	mat	flag	cap
clan	rice	cast	last	hug
class	nice	rage	stag	cask
can't	slice	glad	Dan	pass
clock	coke	rock	gage	edge
place	path	mast	stage	page
grace	wage	price	judge	huge
space	brass	twice	dance	pledge

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The words of the following tables contain a drill upon silent letters. They also include many irregular vowel sounds.

(A) Silent *b*.

climb	comb	crumb	dumb	limb
lamb	jamb	numb	thumb	debt
doubt	plumb	plumber	combing	debtor

(B) Silent *k*.

knot	know	known	knew	knock
knack	knee	kneel	knelt	knit
knead	knife	knob	knave	knoll

(C) Silent *gh*.

high	sigh	light	fight	night
might	sight	right	tight	flight

(D) Silent *w*.

wrap	wreck	wrist	wring	wrong
wren	wrest	wrench	wreath	wrung
write	wrote	wretch	whoop	sword

(E) Silent *t*.

often	soften	bristle	bustle	castle
gristle	hustle	nestle	fasten	rustle
whistle	wrestle	thistle	glisten	listen

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The following words contain the combination *qu*.

quilt	quit	quip	quill	squeal
quite	quell	quail	square	squirm
quiz	quack	queer	squint	squeeze
quick	quench	queen	squeak	squirrel

REVIEW

quit	ice	nice	raft	sigh
case	new	stag	hug	light
debt	face	quiz	cask	huge
path	past	quip	slice	blast
tight	gage	fence	quill	ridge
often	quilt	clasp	knee	knob
grass	quell	mask	know	surge
queer	quail	climb	knelt	judge
dodge	tinge	dumb	quick	numb
fasten	stage	nestle	fudge	quack
bustle	place	budge	praise	queen
ground	square	prince	spruce	cringe
squirm	bridge	known	plumb	wedge
whistle	quench	moisten	chance	grudge

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In the following table the *e* is silent in words having the suffix *ed.*

can	plan	tug	kill	kick
canned	planned	tugged	killed	kicked
canning	planning	tugging	killing	kicker
beg	pin	pen	pass	kicking
begged	pinned	penned	passes	will
beggar	pinning	penning	passed	willed
begging	fill	rap	passing	willing
hem	filled	rapped	miss	cross
hemmed	filler	rapping	misses	crosses
hemmer	filling	drag	missed	crossed
hemming	toss	dragged	missing	crossest
rob	tosses	dragging	call	crossing
robbed	tossed	hum	called	stuff
robber	tossing	hummed	caller	stuffed
robbing	hiss	humming	calling	stuffing
fan	hisses	kiss	still	hitch
fanned	hissed	kisses	stilled	hitched
fanning	hissing	kissed	stillest	hitching

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dress	push	hard	weak	face
dresses	pushes	harder	weaker	faced
dressed	pusher	harden	weaken	faces
dresser	pushed	hardest	weakest	facing
dressing	pushing	glad	sharp	joke
hatch	hush	gladder	sharper	joker
hatched	hushes	gladden	sharpen	joked
hatcher	hushed	gladdest	sharpest	joking
hatchet	hushing	thick	tie	tune
hatching	old	thicker	tied	tuner
rush	older	thickest	tying	tuned
rushed	olden	thicken	lie	tuning
rushing	oldest	ripe	lied	wipe
rushes	sad	ripen	lying	wiper
fire	sadder	riper	like	wiped
fired	saddest	ripest	liked	wiping
firing	sadden	dark	liking	bake
tire	use	darker	hope	baker
tired	used	darken	hoped	baked
tiring	using	darkest	hoping	baking

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slice	choke	walk	plow	rain
sliced	choked	walked	plowed	rained
slicing	choking	walker	plower	raining
tame	smoke	walking	plowing	cheer
tamer	smoked	jump	boil	cheered
tamed	smoker	jumped	boiled	cheerer
tamest	smoking	jumper	boiler	cheering
taming	sin	jumping	boiling	fool
chase	sinned	storm	spoil	fooled
chased	sinner	stormed	spoiled	fooling
chasing	sinning	storming	spoiler	cool
name	pinch	drown	spoiling	cooler
named	pinched	drowned	join	coolest
naming	pincher	drowning	joined	cooled
prize	pinches	growl	joiner	cooling
prized	pinching	growled	joining	smooth
prizing	talk	growling	crawl	smoother
stir	talked	chew	crawled	smoothed
stirred	talker	chewed	crawler	smoothest
stirring	talking	chewing	crawling	smoothing

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When final *ed* is preceded by the letter *d* or *t*, it adds a syllable to the word.

aid	wed	seat	glide	fold
aided	wedded	seated	glided	folded
aiding	wedding	seating	gliding	folder
dot	weed	float	crowd	folding
dotted	weeded	floated	crowded	rest
dotting	weeding	floating	crowding	rested
add	bat	point	sound	resting
added	batted	pointed	sounded	salt
adder	batter	pointing	soundest	salted
adding	batting	shout	sounding	saltest
mat	grate	shouted	sift	salting
matted	grated	shouting	sifted	hint
matter	grater	pat	sifter	hinted
matting	grating	patted	sifting	hinting
light	blot	patting	test	print
lighted	blotted	butt	tested	printed
lighter	blotter	butted	tester	printer
lightest	blotting	butting	testing	printing

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bolt	post	roast	halt	needing
bolted	posted	roasted	halted	dust
bolting	poster	roaster	halter	dusted
braid	posting	roasting	halting	dusting
braided	rust	band	pout	duster
braiding	rusted	banded	pouted	dent
hoot	rusting	bandit	pouting	dented
hooted	rusty	bandage	need	denting
hooting	rustic	banding	needed	dentist

The following words are examples of final *y* changed to *ie* before *s*.

baby	story	pities	tidies	follies
babies	stories	varies	pigmies	pennies
city	body	jellies	gullies	fairies
cities	bodies	poppies	puppies	hurries
pony	candy	quarries	carries	berries
ponies	candies	armies	marries	tries
daisy	lily	rubies	fries	flies
daisies	lilies	copies	spies	replies
glories	fancies	dairies	posies	denies

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